

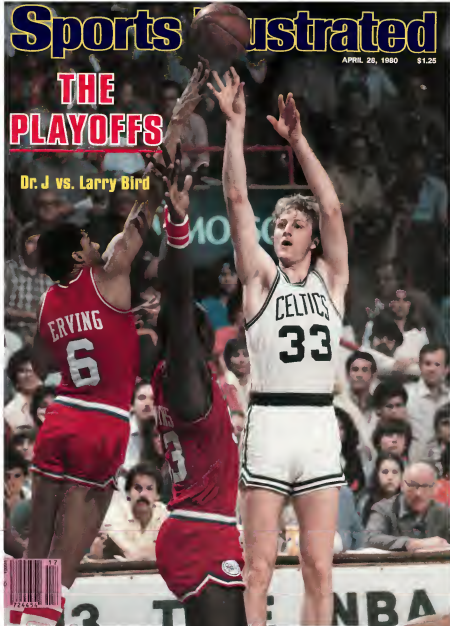
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 28, 1980

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THE PLAYOFFS

Dr. J vs. Larry Bird



*Sausalito, salt in the air,
sand in your shoes, and Michelob Light -
it's simply a matter of good taste.*



MICHELOB
Light

Compare the taste to any beer you like.

PIONEER'S NATIONAL TRUCKLOAD SALE

PIONEER ANNOUNCES ANOTHER FIRST IN HIGH FIDELITY.

If you want great high fidelity components, but don't want to pay a high price for them, Pioneer's latest breakthrough will be music to your ears.

This time it's not a technical breakthrough, but an economical one. It's Pioneer's National Truckload Sale.

During this sale, Pioneer's reducing prices to their dealers so that they can pass these savings on to you.

For one month only, Pioneer trucks will arrive at participating dealers, direct from our warehouse, loaded with today's most popular high fidelity equipment, at prices that are guaranteed to be equally as popular.

Every receiver has been specially priced. Including the industry's most popular receiver, the SX-780. Every turntable. Including Pioneer's new Quartz line.

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Pioneer's National Truckload Sale is being held at every Pioneer dealer that displays the Pioneer Truckload Sale wall poster or banner in their window.

So if you've been waiting for the chance to buy high fidelity components at just the right price, your truck's come in.

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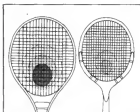
"Why a good player plays even better with a Prince."

Howard Head

Most important is the size of the sweet spot. It's 3-1/2 times larger. So a ball you might hit slightly off the sweet spot of your present racket becomes a clean, solid, accurate shot with a Prince.

It is less likely to twist in your hand.

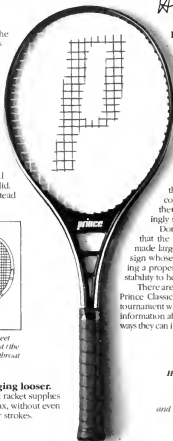
Because the Prince is about two inches wider, it's more stable. It stays on an even plane when you meet the ball, hitting the ball squarely. Which makes still more of your shots full and solid. (You hear a lot more "pings" instead of "thuds" with a Prince.)



Prince has a 3-1/2 times larger sweet spot. Plus an extra-sweet sweet spot (the darkest area) that is wasted in the throat of conventional rackets.

You'll find yourself swinging looser.

When you hit more solidly, the racket supplies more of the power. So you relax, without even realizing it, and the better your strokes.



Even the stringing is revolutionary for greater control.

Notice how I put more strings toward the center of the racket where the strings are longer and more resilient. (You can tell because the spaces are smaller.) This gives uniform tension across the entire racket face for even greater control.

The Prince is as light as conventional rackets. It's a nimble, highly responsive, easy to serve racket, as lethal at the net as it is steady in the backcourt. Most players who switch say their game improves in a surprisingly short time.

Don't make the mistake of assuming that the Prince is a conventional racket made larger. It's a revolutionary racket design whose size was determined by providing a proper size sweet spot and the proper stability to help you play at your peak.

There are three Prince rackets. The original Prince Classic, the firmer Prince Pro, and the tournament winning Prince Graphite. For more information about Prince rackets and the many ways they can improve your game, drop me a line.

Howard Head,
*Inventor of
the original
Head skis,
and the remarkable
Prince racket*



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HOW GM "PROJECT CENTERS" CREATE CARS

FROM CONCEPT TO CUSTOMER IN THREE YEARS AND THREE BILLION DOLLARS

Throughout the history of the automobile industry, product change was almost always evolutionary. But in 1973, GM determined that the times required revolutionary changes. It started its first Project Center—which by itself heralded a revolution in the use of science and technology to meet the changing demands of the marketplace. A few months later, the Arab countries launched the oil embargo. Fortunately, machinery was already in motion in GM to create and develop new cars and components in a new way and faster than ever before.

GM's first Project Center brought out totally new full-size cars: smaller, yet roomier, and far more efficient than their predecessors. The advertisements said they were "designed and engineered for a changing world"—and they were. Another Project Center, begun in 1975, developed the immensely popular GM X-cars.

Led by the five car divisions, Project Centers gather people, ideas, and knowledge from all 30 divisions and staffs of General Motors. In the first stage, which we call "concepting," experimental engineers, environmental scientists, for ward planners, and marketing experts pool their thinking. Their objective: what the marketplace will require. This is the most important stage. Here we must determine not only what

kind of car, but how many we might be able to build and sell years later. Economics, customer tastes, availability of various kinds of fuels must be compared with state-of-the-art technology—and what steps must be taken to advance that technology quickly yet surely.

In the "concepting" stage, a new car is conceived. If the car is to be sold to customers three years later, construction of new plants must begin and basic tooling must be ordered.

The second phase of the Project Center takes 24 to 30 months. It encompasses development, design, structural analysis, handling analysis, emissions, noise and vibration, safety, reliability, serviceability and reparability, manufacturing, assembly, marketing, financing.

Advanced product engineers and research scientists work with the one hundred fifty to two hundred people at the Project Center and thousands more in the staffs and divisions to transfer new science and technology to the new car. Components are hand-built and "cobbed" into existing models for road testing.

Prototype cars are hand-built at a cost of more than \$250,000 each. These enable the Project Center team to determine how newly developed, pretested components operate as a unit. Then, pilot models will be built from production tooling and tested some more. New technology, such as structural analysis by computer, saves

time. Lead time has been reduced by 25% from ten years ago, when cars were far less complex.

After almost four million miles, nearly three billion dollars, and nearly three years of work, the new cars—quite unlike anything before them—start coming off the production line at a rate of better than one a minute.

There are now eight Project Centers in General Motors. Four are developing new cars using hydrocarbon fuels, one is creating an electric car, and others are working on computerized engines and emission controls, a new kind of automatic transmission, and the inflatable restraint system.

New and revolutionary cars can't be mass produced for the road overnight. But by putting all the parts of General Motors to work together, we found a way to speed up the process. We have integrated the creativity of thousands of human minds to make invention into reality when it's needed.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

THREE TIMES YOU.

THAT'S THE WEIGHT
EVERY TIME

YOU CARRY ON EACH FOOT
YOU RUN.

It's a fact: with every running step you take, you carry up to three times your body weight. So if you weigh around 150 pounds and run five miles a day, you could put a total of 990 tons on each foot.

Knowing that, you can see how important it is to wear the proper shoe. A shoe that's made to protect your foot while it helps you enjoy your run.

Which is where The Athlete's Foot® comes in.

We're the stores that specialize in athletic footwear. Footwear for just about any sport you can name.

To start with, we sell only shoes from top manufacturers. We train our sales people so they're fully acquainted with the characteristics of every make and model. We know that the materials used in soles and uppers, the last, the construction, are all-important when it comes to keeping you out of trouble — and helping you run or play your game in top form.

339 stores nationwide



BROOKS

Brooks running shoes
Super Villanova, Silver Streak
The Huggie G. T. Vantage

Finally, before we fit you, we like to know something about you — the way you're built, the way you move, your style of play.

So when you come in, we may ask you some questions about yourself. Then we'll show you why the slogan fits: "Nobody knows the athlete's foot like The Athlete's Foot."

If running is your sport, whether you're training, competing, or jogging for health, we suggest you try these well-known Brooks models: The Huggie G. T. with waterproof Gore-Tex uppers and heel-hugger straps to make your foot more efficient bio-mechanically; the popular Vantage with nylon mesh uppers and racing stud soles; the Super Villanova with nylon uppers, towel sock insoles and racing stud outsoles; or Silver Streak popular-priced trainers with My-T-Lite™ midsoles. In men's and women's models.

Nobody knows the athlete's foot like

The Athlete's Foot.



Footloose

by JOHN BARNESSE

A LEGENDARY TROUT STREAM IN BIG SKY COUNTRY IS THREATENED BY ITS DAM

Montana's Madison River is the most celebrated trout stream in North America. This statement is attested to by thousands of anglers and by Charles E. Brooks in his comprehensive history of the Madison, *The Living River* (SL, April 21). That it may not be the absolute best trout stream does not matter. It is the reputation that counts. The Madison is to the average fly-fisherman as the Matterhorn is to the mountain climber, or Kenya to the big-game hunter. There may be rivers with larger trout, or taller mountains, and big-game hunting is not allowed in Kenya today, but each is a symbol of its sport. The Madison represents the best of everything to trout fishermen: big fish, clear water, distance-harred blue mountains and a chance to wade in the footsteps of famous fishermen.

Like a number of rivers in the West, how-

ever, the Madison—the lower half, at least—along with its salmonflies, is being threatened by a dam. But this dam, unlike many that menace rivers today, has been around since 1906. That's when a hay meadow bordering the Madison just downstream of the ranching town of Ennis was flooded to form Ennis Lake, commonly called Meadow Lake. As a result of this reservoir, the trophy brown and rainbow trout of the lower river, which used to average larger than those of the upper river, have "shrunk," and that doesn't make a fisherman who's traveled thousands of miles to catch a legend very happy.

Meadow Lake was only about 30 feet deep at its deepest point. With the inevitable situation that occurs in all reservoirs, it became shallower still. Moreover, the Yellowstone earthquake of 1959 dumped half a mountain into the upper river, accelerating the situation. The lake's maximum depth is now 16 feet, the average depth a mere nine. In the sunny days of late summer the three-mile-wide reservoir becomes a huge solar collector. Water from the upper river takes an average of 10 to 12 days to move through the lake, and by the time it flows through the turbines of the Madison dam and enters Beartrap Canyon to begin its journey to the Missouri 35 miles downstream

it is as much as 10° warmer than when it came into the reservoir.

It is this warmed water that is "shrinking" the fish in the lower river. Trout grow best in water with a temperature of about 60°, when it's below 45° or above 70° they hardly grow at all. Temperatures in the lower Madison have been as high as 80° in late summer, and the average is near 70°. In July and August the lower river's fish are caught in a sort of metabolic holding pattern; they don't actually shrink, but a four-year-old fish from the lower river is only 16 inches long, compared with 18 on the upper river. Eight-year-old fish, those four-pound-and-up trophies for which the Madison is famous, are four inches shorter and a pound or two lighter in the lower river. In addition, late-summer fish are noticeably soft-fleshed and taste like the algae that has thickened on the river's rocks, another consequence of the warmer water.

The salmonflies are also smaller in the lower river, and the famed hatch has ceased to exist for three to four miles below the dam. Such "popular" warm-water fish as yellow perch and carp have been showing up in the changed habitat of the river, too. It is this altered habitat that poses the real threat to the stream, not trout mortality, though that may

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Light mountain breezes.
Clear, rippling waters. And
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100's: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. 20's: 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. 79.



occur as the reservoir continues to silt in.

The more impatient trout fishermen suggest dynamiting the dam, thereby allowing the river to run freely again, which, naturally, upsets the Montana Power Company, the owner of the dam. While the dam generates less than 1% of the company's total electrical output, it long ago paid for itself, and Montana Power is understandably opposed to its destruction. The standoff is a common one in the West today, where the skirmishes between energy and environmental/recreational groups have replaced U.S. Cavalry vs. Indians as the standard confrontation.

Happily, the two sides in the Madison conflict are not committed to unrelenting non-compromise in the manner of Custer and Crazy Horse. Part of the reason may be that Montana Power, like many power companies these days, isn't the most popular institution in a state where cold winters often make monthly home-heating bills as hefty as the mortgage payment. The company is eager to enhance its public image, and there is no better way to do so than by helping to solve the problems of the Madison. This is no mere public-relations gesture, either, because localities depend on visiting fishermen and the big bucks they spend to catch big trout.

As a result, Montana Power, the Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks Department and Trout Unlimited, among others, are trying to arrive at a reasonable solution to the Madison problem, short of blowing the dam down the Bear-trail or allowing the river to become a celebrated yellow perch fishery. Not that there aren't some lingering disagreements. Montana Power, for instance, won't concede that the reservoir is the only significant heat source on the river, in spite of infra-red aerial photos recently taken of the whole river to locate hot springs or other phenomena possibly contributing to the problem—photos that showed the reservoir was the problem. But that is corporate public-image procedure: don't concede anything you don't have to. Otherwise, as officials of the Fish, Wildlife & Parks Department and Trout Unlimited have stated, Montana Power has been "very cooperative."

Studies are under way to determine just what can be done to prevent heat buildup in the reservoir. These alternatives are being considered: dredging the lake to make it deeper (which would be very expensive), diking the lake to allow the water in the main channel to move more quickly (also expensive, and ethically questionable), and either raising or lowering the level of the lake. Raising the

level would merely delay the solution of the problem for a few years, and perhaps drown the town of Ennis. Lowering the level appears to be the more reasonable approach. That would substantially reduce its surface area and hence its heat absorption, and allow the water to move more swiftly, while only slightly decreasing the generating capacity of the dam. A four-foot lowering, for example, would reduce the surface area 60%. Water would pass through the lake in three days instead of almost two weeks. Generating capacity would be reduced 10% to 15%.

Naturally, because both a corporation and a state agency are involved, the solution will not come quickly. Studies must be completed, decisions made, and perhaps a bit of corporate inertia overcome. A computer model has been made of the reservoir, using data from average, cool and warm years, to try to predict just what will happen if the reservoir is raised, lowered, diked or removed. Nothing will actually be done until at least 1981. When something is done, all trout fishermen will pray that the lower Madison will run cool in late summer once again, that algae will cease to choke the river, that the salmonflies will hatch below the dam and that the trout will start to grow to former size. **END**

**Taste
country fresh
Salem**



In a world entertained by the
great and the famous, we've
starred for almost 100 years.

How rare.



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RARE
SCOTCH

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

SLOWER, BUT SAFER

Few developments in the history of Grand Prix racing have revolutionized the sport as dramatically as Mario Andretti's world championship in 1978. The Lotus 79 that Andretti drove to victory that year was equipped with side panels, or skirts, an innovation creating "ground effects" that enabled the car to hug the road and approach turns going almost flat-out. The technological advance raised grave questions of safety, prompting concern that Formula 1 driving was becoming more a test of bravery than of ability. Nevertheless, ground-effects cars soon were dominating Grand Prix competition.

Last week the governing body of Grand Prix racing, FISA, outlawed skirts, an action that could, if it sticks, doom ground-effects cars. FISA lent urgency to its decision, moreover, by ruling that the necessary design changes be completed by next year. The likely effect of the ban will be to make cars slower—at least in the turns—but safer, an objective that also prompted FISA to decree that cockpits be reinforced with heavy metal bars and that the minimum weight of cars be increased from 1,268 to 1,400 pounds.

Having spent fortunes to develop ground-effects cars, some owners are bitterly protesting the rule changes, but FISA has compelling reasons to press for safer cars generally. They include a crash during last month's Long Beach Grand Prix in which Clay Regazzoni's Ensign lost its brakes at 140 mph and hit a wall of tires in front of a concrete barrier, which was moved four feet by the impact. Regazzoni was paralyzed from the waist down after the accident and has yet to regain full feeling in his legs.

BRING BACK THE SENATORS

Here are a couple of news flashes from Washington, D.C., where, in case you haven't heard, they don't mind mixing sports with politics.

The Soviet Union won the champi-

onship of the District of Columbia Recreation Department's embassy volleyball league for the fifth straight year, beating Brazil two games to none in the finals. The word around the nine-team league is that no sooner does the Soviet embassy's juggernaut show signs of filtering than in from Moscow come reassigned diplomats who just happen to play volleyball. The Soviets wore bright red T-shirts and never complained about the officiating. But as a member of a State Department team that beat East Germany for third place groused, "They don't have to. They never lose a game."

A softball team consisting of Carter-Mondale staffers swept a doubleheader from Kennedy campaigners, winning the first game 9-1 and the nightcap 10-6. In best political tradition, the Kennedy captain, Mike Hill, called the twin loss "a great moral victory." Two of Ethel Kennedy's children, 13-year-old Douglas and 11-year-old Rory, played, but the only member of the President's family on hand was daughter-in-law Annette Carter, who watched from the sidelines. When, at one point, an emergency vehicle, siren screaming, sped along a street near the ball field, a Kennedy booster, West Coghlan, said, "For one minute there, I thought Carter had finally come out of the Rose Garden."

METRIC MISSTEP

In the interest of international uniformity—fitting European bolts to American plumbing fixtures and the like—the U.S. is supposed to be gradually adopting the metric system. The National Federation of State High School Associations is doing its part by converting from yards to meters for record-keeping purposes in track events. But instead of replacing the mile and two-mile runs with the internationally accepted distances of 1,500 and 3,000 meters, the NFSHSA has chosen to recognize races of 1,600 and 3,200 meters, and thus many high schools switched to those distances at the start of the current season.

Tom Frederick of the NFSHSA defends the selection of the 1,600 and 3,200 partly on the ground that they more closely approximate the mile and two-mile runs that they replace. He also notes that tracks built these days tend to be 400-meter courses, which means that 1,600 and 3,200 races would come out even, exactly four and eight laps. Arguing that, as the organization running the country's largest track and field program, the NFSHSA is under "no obligation" to adopt anybody's distances but its own, Frederick says, "The 1,500 is left over from the days when European tracks were 500 meters long. We think the 1,600 and 3,200 make better sense."



Think again. Regardless of its origin, the 1,500 is contested in Olympic, international and collegiate meets, and in other meets in virtually all countries. Races of 1,600 and 3,200 meters will oblige high school runners to learn pace and tactics not appropriate for any other competition. They will also deny runners a basis for comparison with performances of competitors of the same age in the rest of the world, or even with U.S. high-schoolers who have gone before them. The NFSHSA's action flies in the face of the reason for switching to the metric system in the first place.

10

Greg Louganis is diving's answer to Bo Derek. At the U.S. indoor championships last weekend in Milwaukee, Louganis, a University of Miami sophomore considered by some to be potentially the best

continued

Some
major expenses
the Chens
had to live with.

But they
made sure major
medical expense
wasn't one
of them.



**The Chens are
among 142,000,000
Americans protected
from major medical
expense.**

Having a family usually means having to deal with some heavy financial burdens. College, for one. The mortgage, for another. And, unfortunately, sometimes major medical expense.

But for 142,000,000 Americans like the Chens, that's much less a worry than it used to be. They're protected by major medical insurance. Nearly three times as many as were protected only 15 years ago.

Almost nine out of ten people—181,000,000—have basic medical coverage. That protection keeps growing, too. Special services such as dental and mental care, pre-admission testing, second opinions for surgery, and preventive treatment are now included in many policies.

And we're putting action into new ideas to help control health care costs, with improvements already underway in the design of benefit plans, the review of claims, and the promotion of better personal health habits.

We're pleased with this progress, but aware of the need and responsibility to keep working until our goal of "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford" is reached.

If you'd like to know more about major health care protection, write for our free booklet *Major Medical Expense... Are You Ready for It?* The Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 21, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

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COMPANIES IN
AMERICA**

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diver ever, was awarded perfect scores of 10 by seven of the nine judges on one of his dives (a reverse 1½ somersault layout) in the three-meter springboard competition, which he won going in. Loughans also received six 10s on another dive (a forward 3½ somersault pike) and had four more 10s sprinkled among his scores during his 11-dive three-meter program. What's more, he was awarded eight 10s while easily winning the one-meter. In the tower competition Loughans blew three dives and placed third behind Bruce Kimball and Randy Ableman but not before adding eight more 10s, seven of them on a back dive pike. That gave Loughans, all told, an astonishing 33 10s in Milwaukee.

What all this means is that the 20-year-old Loughans, who had been collecting 10s with some regularity in previous meets, may have only one scoring feat left to strive for: getting all 10s on a dive from an entire panel of judges. This has been achieved only once, by Mike Finneran, for a back 1½ somersault 2½ twist off the tower at the 1972 U.S. Olympic Trials. The scoring on Finneran's unquestionably superb dive has been a source of discord, the sport's purists arguing that while there may be such things as a perfect martini and a perfect bore, a perfect dive is simply not attainable. Good as any performance might be, they say, it's always possible to do better. As a result, 10s have been exceedingly rare in diving.

Or at least they were until some U.S. judges began consciously raising "average" scores at big meets partly in hopes of enhancing the reputation of American diving. As a result, where a solid dive once received a 6½ or 7, it now may merit an 8 or 8½. Because, to some extent, dives must be judged not on an absolute scale but relative to other performances in the same meet, above-average scores had to be raised accordingly. Then along came a superstar like Loughans—and 10s. This prompts some observers to ask fretfully, "What if somebody even better than Loughans comes along? How do we score him?"

Columbia Coach Jim Stillson, chairman of the U.S. diving judges' committee, replies, "I'm not sure what the answer is. The alternative to giving Greg 10s is to knock down everybody else's score, and there are some people who would prefer doing that." But Stillson implies that the problem is merely academic. Notwithstanding Loughans' less last

week in the tower, Stillson says, "Right now Greg Loughans is head and shoulders above everybody else in the sport."

ADVANCED ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

In a spin-off from a familiar line of ethnic jokes, *The Miami Herald* told this one involving athletes at the University of New Mexico (although any number of other schools might have served as well):

Q. How many Lobos does it take to change a light bulb?

A. One—but four get credit for it.

STAR WARS

Some people get their kicks collecting stamps or raising geraniums, but Joe Terranova of Dearborn, Mich., gets his by evaluating the results of each year's college football recruiting wars. By watching high school game films and sifting through grant-in-aid tenders and the like, Terranova, a market researcher with the Ford Motor Company, rated USC's incoming crop of freshmen as tops in 1978 and 1979. In contrast, this year's rankings don't even put the Trojans in the top 10. Which shouldn't be taken to mean that Terranova's 1980 list of schools lacks familiar names. The rundown:

1. ALABAMA AND OHIO STATE tied for first in Terranova's rankings. Defending national champion Alabama was, says Terranova, "aided by the obvious fact that Bear Bryant will become the winningest college football coach in history within the next four years." The Tide got two good quarterbacks in Andy Martin and Chuck Fields and one terrific receiver in Jesse Bendross, of whom Terranova says, "He may be the only player in 'Bama history to wear a target rather than a number on his jersey."

Ohio State's 1980 crop makes the 1967 haul of Brockington, Tatum, Kern, Seilwagon et al. "look like a group of CYO-league players." Four outstanding defensive backs and two tailbacks join Tight End Judd Groza, son of former Cleveland Brown star Lou, and Center Joe Apke, a product of powerhouse Moeller High in Cincinnati.

3. TEXAS A&M signed the most-heralded tight end in the country, Mark Lewis, and beefed up its offensive and defensive lines with the likes of Jerry Bullitt (6' 2", 230 pounds), Thomas Graham (6' 3", 215), Keith Guthrie (6' 4", 245), Tommy Robison (6' 5", 260), Scott Polk (6' 4", 240) and Bruce Lawson (6' 4",

250), who "are the kind of players that lift the back of the team bus when a tire needs to be changed, and they do it individually."

4. TEXAS wooed the Lone Star State's most promising fullback, Terry Orr, along with Running Back John Walker, a 9.5 sprinter, and Jeff Leiding, possibly the nation's top linebacker. "It's too bad the freshman-eligible rule exists. ABC would pay millions for the TV rights to an Aggie-Longhorn freshman clash."

5. NOTRE DAME "got help where it needed it most. Either Scott Grooms or Blair Kiel could end up the Irish signals caller this fall. Kiel undoubtedly will do the punting and perhaps the placekicking, regardless of who runs the offense." Tim Marshall, the best defensive tackle in the country, is "Derth Vader in cleats."

Rounding out Terranova's top 10 are Florida, Georgia, Nebraska, North Carolina and Oklahoma.

ON THE RUN

According to police, about a mile into the Clearwater (Fla.) Sun's 10,000-meter Fun 'n' Sun road race, one of the 1,200 runners left the course and entered a nearby convenience store. There he grabbed \$34 from the cash register and fled on foot, unsuccessfully pursued in a very different kind of race by cops summoned by a store employee. Said one officer, "He simply outran us."

THEY SAID IT

- Willie Stargell, told that teammate Dave Parker had called him his idol: "That's pretty good, considering that Dave's previous idol was himself."
- Bum Phillips, Houston Oilers coach, when asked if the acquisition of Oakland Quarterback Ken Stabler would put the Oilers in the Super Bowl: "Yep, if we win more games than anybody else."
- Joe Niekro, Houston Astro 21-game winner in 1979, asked how he expected to pitch this season: "Right-handed."
- George Foster, Cincinnati Red hitting star, on word that the Phillies' lumbering Outfielder Greg Luzinski led the league last season by getting hit 10 times: "Was that in the field or at the plate?"
- Tommy Canterbury, Centenary basketball coach: "The trouble with officials is they just don't care who wins."
- Earl Weaver, on umpire Ron Luciano's new career as an NBC sportscaster, "I hope he takes this job more seriously than he did his last one."

END

TWO-PART HARMONY.

Chevrolet's Camaro. And Delco-GM Sound. Together, these two can really carry a tune. Because with Delco-GM, the great sounds are automatic.

Our sophisticated electronic microcircuitry handles all the fine tuning and stereo adjustments—on the inside. You don't have to fiddle with a bunch of extra knobs and buttons.

You get sound. Not switches.

Check the features. Audio Processor. Quadrature Detection. Keyed Automatic Gain Control. Impulse Noise Blanking. Phase Locked-Loop Stereo Decoder. If you're surprised to find

features like that on a factory-engineered sound system, you don't know Delco-GM.

Well, Delco-GM has more than 40 years' experience in perfecting sound systems that move. We know there's a lot more to it than putting home hi-fi on wheels.

And we put that experience into a wide variety of street-wise receivers, tape players, extended range speakers and equalizer/boosters designed to fit your needs.

See your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick,

Oldsmobile, Cadillac or GMC

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Delco GM



Delco-GM Sound...a moving experience.



Simulated
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Sports Illustrated



MASTERY AND



MYSTERY

Bill Rodgers (above) tied the record with a third straight Boston Marathon victory, but who was first to finish the full distance among the women was open to question **by KENNY MOORE**

CONTINUED

Ahead, Rodgers was equally happy to see that the early rahhuts, Michael Koussis of Greece and Marco Marchei of Italy, had slipped back to the main body of contenders, wherein he lurked "Every time I looked up, I saw only pure blue," he said. "It was easy to wait." Rodgers drank almost everything that was handed him. At 10 miles, he looked around almost absently at the great, drenched field behind.

There, thanks to stiffened entry standards of 2:50 for men under 40, 3:10 for men over 40 and 3:20 for women, only 5,364 runners were blessed with official numbers (down from last year's unwieldy 8,200), but behind and among them strode at least 4,000 more running in sin, or at least without the sanction of Will Cloney, the race's gentle, courtly director for the last 34 years. "We really hope the number of unofficial runners will decline along with the legitimate qualifiers," he had said, his tone as wistful as a priest's in discussing the divorce rate. If the raw mass of the field had not been much reduced, it did seem that Boston 1989 was somewhat subdued in comparison to other years. Much of that was a result of the potentially sapping weather.

The Olympic boycott was having repercussions, too. Olympic years are not kind to Boston in the best of times, because few top foreign runners attend, leaving their own Olympic qualifying races to print for this year the U.S. Trials, scheduled for May 24 in Buffalo, had promised to pretty well strip Boston of its best American performers as well. But when the boycott made those trials the qualifying race for zip, serious indecision set in. Frank Shorter, rounding into fine shape in Colorado, held to his plan to run only the Trials. Rodgers, however, had no trouble deciding for Boston. He would be going for a third straight win, something only seven-time victor Clarence DeMar had done, in 1922-24.

Plainly, Rodgers' heart is in his hometown run. His businesses are there, he has built a spare, elegant new home in Sherborn, Mass., and he speaks with fondness of his own part in Boston Marathon history. It was where he arrived, a sudden unexpected manner, in 1975, when he ran to an American-record 2:09:55 (which he broke last year with a 2:09:27). "Even if I were to win an Olympic gold medal someday," he says, "I don't know if that would surpass my first win at Boston. It is my favorite victory."



First woman to finish: remarkable Rose Rue

The horde of runners competing in Monday's Boston Marathon carefully edged to their places behind the starting line painted on the street in Hopkinton. Those in front gazed down the highway toward Boston, 26 miles, 385 yards away. The road was lined with record crowds and blazing forsythia. There was practically no shade. The heat of the asphalt below and the sun above began to implant well-founded cautions in even the most determined. It was 66° "Tricky heat," said defending champion Bill Rodgers, sucking on a water bottle. "Calls for *l'esprit*." Tom Fleming, who set an almost sacrificial pace for the first 15 miles, a year ago in cold rain, said, "I'm a different man. Don't look for me up front in this."

With the heat, things like pace or position had suddenly become ephemeral pleasures, subordinate to survival, even for Patti Lyons, 27, of West Roxbury, Mass., the women's favorite, who had been training as many as 150 miles a week in attaining the condition of her life. She had said, "Boston is my lifelong goal. Not the Olympics. Not the world championships. Boston." But even she decided to begin modestly. At the five-mile mark she was timed at 29:55, a minute and a half behind Ellison Goodall of Wellesley Hills, Mass. Running her first marathon, Goodall was blithely maintaining a pace that, if kept, would have resulted in a 2:40 finish, second only to Grete Waitz' world record of 2:27:33. Goodall, wearing several thousand dollars worth of gold rings, chains and bracelets, thought to herself, "This is awfully pleasant, these first six miles, seeing friends, rolling through the bathhouse and sultan oil fragrances of the crowd." Though she tried not to force her pace, she was gratified to constantly hear spectators shout that she was the first woman.

At 32, Rodgers still shows a boyish incredulity that any of this laudable history should have happened to him. The night before this year's race he ate macaroni with soy sauce, watched Seiji Ozawa conduct the Boston Symphony on TV and said, "It's hard to believe the race is tomorrow. It's hard, always, to convince myself that it's coming, that this is what I'm going to do."

Rodgers' plan was to follow the early pacesetters until the 14-mile mark in Wellesley Hills, where begin long downhill stretches, his forte. Upon these he would attack, softening up anyone who could stay with him for the Newton Hills waiting at 18 miles. But when 14 miles was reached, only Kirk Pfeffer was still at Rodgers' elbow. Pfeffer, who had scared the life out of Rodgers for the first 23 miles of last October's New York Marathon, was not fully recovered from hepatitis. Rodgers gained a 100-yard lead in the next mile and knew the race was his if he could hold together.

Behind, Goodall had seen no other women at all until after the eight-mile mark, when Jacqueline Gareau of Montreal, 30, a dark-haired, superbly athletic runner, passed strongly, having to weave through the heavy male traffic that surged around the leading women. Into Wellesley, Goodall was told she was still second by the few Wellesley College women who were not shrieking courage into her ears. The muted scream was so loud it seemed to be trying to get out of the run-

ners' heads, not in. Goodall hit halfway in 1:16, but only 16 seconds behind was Lyons, now running as powerfully as she could. She shot past in pursuit of Gareau. The hills lay ahead. Goodall had little left and she knew it. "This is the pits," she said, or a rhyme to that effect.

As he drew ahead, Rodgers had a few miles in which he seemed to enjoy himself as much as in his first Boston victory. He waved at Cloney riding by, holding up four fingers for his imminent number of wins. Then at 20 miles, Rodgers' legs went "I fell apart," he said later. "My legs never felt this bad in a Boston race. If somebody had passed me, I'd have stopped and cried." No one did, although Marcher closed to a minute and nine seconds at the end. Rodgers won in 2:12:11, then stopped and ached.

At 16 miles, SI photographer Heinz

Kluetmeier, who was concentrating on locating and shooting the leading women runners, came by on a motorcycle and, checking his wrist, where he had penned their numbers, shouted to Goodall, "No. 22 [Gareau] is leading No. 1 [Lyons] is second. You're third."

Goodall drove herself over the hills. At the depth of her pain, a friend passed, calling encouragement. "Is it worth it?" she rasped. After that there were no more complaints, only water flying at her from hoses and paper cups, only ice cubes that tasted like plastic, only the pain in her thighs. Three women passed her in the last six miles, Gillian Adams of England, Laurie Binder of San Diego and Kathleen Samet of Albuquerque. Five women now were ahead of her. When Goodall finished, in 2:42:23, she said to an official, "I guess sixth isn't so bad my first time out."

"But you were seventh," said the man. And there, sitting beside Rodgers at the microphone, with the sapphire-and-gold medal about her neck and the mountain laurel across her brow, was Rosie Ruiz of New York City. She had crossed the line in a stunning 2:31:56, the third-fastest women's time in history.

Ruiz is 26 and an administrative assistant for a metal-trading firm in Manhattan. She had run only one marathon before, a reported 2:56:29 in the women's division of the 1979 New York Marathon. As she answered reporters' questions, it quickly became clear that she was a most remarkable neophyte at the craft she had turned on its ear. She said she had been training hard only for a year and a half, although she had run track in high school and college. Her best time for the mile, she said, was 5:30. She is a member of no club, trains 60 to 70 miles a week, and most crucially, was seen by no other woman runner in the race. Asked about this, Ruiz said, "I paced myself off the men. Since it was only my second race, I'm not familiar with watching out for where everybody is." She could recall no splits for the intermediate distances. Indeed, the term split had to be explained to her.

There was a moment when reporters and coaches and officials had nothing to say, a moment of recognition. Either this was the most spectacular upset in marathon history, or something was very fishy. Finally, Ruiz was asked when she realized she was in first place. Had she

led the entire distance, or had there been, as Lyons now thought, a grave mistake?

Ruiz left without replying. Rodgers, who had been staring at her with the blank expression of extreme, dehydrated fatigue, said a few minutes later, "I don't believe it. I don't believe that woman had run a marathon. She wasn't tired enough."

That impression, coupled with the almost incredible statistic that a 5:30 mile was alleged to have run 26 miles, 385 yards at a pace of 5:46 per mile, led to frantic searches of memory. Gareau, who had held off a valiant charge by Lyons to come up second, with personal bests for both of 2:34:28 and 2:35:08, respectively, said someone had asked a policeman at 18 miles whether she still was first; the policeman had said yes, Lyons said, "People were saying I was second woman at the fire station at 17 miles. And no woman could have passed me from then on without my seeing her."

Bob Bright, race director of the Midland Run in New Jersey, was waiting for his friend Lyons at 23 miles. "She was the second girl to come by," he said. "The first was Gareau. I knew her. I'd seen her run in Montreal. There was just no way Ruiz could have been there."

A normal procedure meant to avoid such controversies is to record runners' numbers at various checkpoints along the course, thus to verify that everyone has gone the distance. At Boston, the practice is to do such a check only upon the first 100 runners past the checkpoints. Because the lead women runners were behind the first 100 men (Ruiz was credited with 147th place overall), Race Director Cloney had no quick way of affirming Ruiz' having run all the way. "I have no way of knowing whether she was an impostor or not," he said. "We have no one yet saying she was seen joining the race after the start. We are going to look at the TV tapes whenever they are available. There will be no decision—if indeed there will be a decision—for a minimum of a week, probably two."

Until then, only Ruiz knows for sure. And she was making no statements. New York Marathon Director Fred Lebow said Monday evening that he had seen Ruiz and she was crying. Asked where she was, Lebow replied that he had promised her not to say, "And," he added, "I, for one, don't cheat."



Second—for now—genuine Jacqueline Gareau

NBA PLAYOFFS

SUPER TO THE

Home fires had a nasty way of burning the home team as Seattle won a thriller

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

It was a tremendous series. Seven games between Seattle and Milwaukee decided by a total of 28 points. Home-court advantages repeatedly wiped out. A championship team stumbling and recovering just in time; the young challenger playing the final two games without a key player, yet leading with 4:24 left in the finale.

Chronicles are the Philadelphia-Boston series of 1968, New York-L.A. in '70, Boston-Phoenix in '76, to name but three of high and particular drama. And now there is Seattle-Milwaukee.

Those who saw it will remember that the defending champion Sonics trailed by six points with 11 minutes left in Sunday's seventh game, and they will recall Downtown Freddie Brown, who scored 10 of his 14 points in the last quarter, lofting a pair of 18-footers to keep it close just when it seemed Milwaukee might increase its margin. They'll remember Brown cutting into the lead again with a lovely hesitation move that brought Seattle within two at 80-78 and then hitting a pressure 20-footer with just over six minutes left that put Seattle ahead for the first time in the closing minutes.

"I needed the ball, I had to have it," Brown said later. "We needed instant point production, and I never had any doubt I was the man for the job."

As far back as the third game of the

The leaning tower of Skaue was often all that stood between Milwaukee's Lanier and the backboards

SERIES SONICS

series, Milwaukee Guard Quinn Buckner, who had been assigned at different times to cover Brown and Gus Williams, had been apprehensive. "All we can do is keep a hand in their faces," he said. "And pray Fred Brown doesn't get hot. When that happens, there's nothing anyone can do."

Brown got the pivotal basket; Williams led the Sonics with 33 points, including four free throws in the final 16 seconds, as Seattle won the final game 98-94 before a frenzied home crowd in the Coliseum.

From its first pulse-quickenings moments, the series seemed destined to produce a harrowing finish, for this was a match made in basketball heaven. Seattle won the opener at home in overtime, the Bucks won the second game in overtime, and after four games the series was so even that both teams had scored exactly the same number of points. When it was announced during last Friday's sixth game, in Milwaukee, that there had been an electrical failure and that the arena was operating on emergency power, it seemed altogether plausible that if the lights did fail, so luminous was the action that the arena would glow in the dark.

The Bucks might well have gone ahead 3-0 had it not been for Dennis Johnson's desperate three-point

continued

Gus Williams was undeniably No. 1 when Seattle needed a cool and practiced hand in the clutch





J.J. had the right of way on this scoring foray.

basket from 30 feet out with a single second to play in overtime of the first game. Johnson's heroic heave gave the Sonics a 114-113 victory. The Bucks won the second game 114-112 in overtime and Game 3 by 95-91 when the series moved to Milwaukee. After that, the home team didn't win again until Sunday, four of the seven games having been taken by the visiting team.

As a concept, however, the home-court advantage dies hard, and for that reason it was a vintage series for undue optimism and unwarranted despair. Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson was guilty of the former when, before Game 4, he said, "We've definitely got them in a corner now."

That had been true literally as well as figuratively in Game 3, when Milwaukee's guards managed to trap Seattle's backcourt so effectively that the Sonics weren't able to run. "And we're not a good team when we walk the hall up," admitted Seattle Coach Lenny Wilkens.

But after generating points from only 14 fast breaks in the first three games, the Sonics pushed the ball quickly upcourt in Game 4, increasing their production from Williams, Dennis Johnson and Brown from 39 points in the third game to 67 points Johnson, a 42% shooter during the regular season, hit nine of 11 shots, and Williams knocked in seven of nine to help quell a third-quarter Milwaukee uprising. Seattle shot 53% from the field, and prevented the Bucks from taking what would have been an almost insurmountable 3-1 advantage, by winning 112-107.

If the Bucks were going to buckle under the intense pressure of a playoff series against the defending world champions, it seemed it would have happened in Game 5, when 40,172 Seattle fans filled the Kingdom to its lid. It was the largest crowd ever to see a single NBA game, and it should have been intimidating. (Not only did the Sonics have the imposing crowd, but they also had the league's best disco theme music—a tune composed especially for them by Shalamar called *Second Time Around*. The Bucks had a song, too, *Green and Growing*, but no one knew for sure whether this was theme music or some type of fungus.)

But the Bucks didn't crumble; it was the Sonics who fumbled away one opportunity after another. Milwaukee's



Shelton got 15 points, 15 rebounds in Game 7.

guards once again found that they could punch Williams, D.J. and Brown against the sidelines and disrupt Seattle's patterns. The Sonics turned the ball over three times in the first 90 seconds of the second half and fell back by 10 points. Even when Seattle drew within three points of the lead, the Sonics took four consecutive horrible shots, while Milwaukee rookie Forward Pat Cummings was nailing back-to-back bull's-eyes in the midst of what had become an uncharitably dim Cummings' baskets put the Sonics away 108-97. "He's a rookie," said Nelson. "He probably thought the crowd was rooting for him."

With reserve Center Harvey Catchings suffering from a bone spur in his left foot, Nelson had tried Richard Washington as Bob Lanier's backup in the middle. Washington proved himself by hitting 10 of 14 shots, adding 21 points to Lanier's game-high 22 to give the Bucks a 43-21 edge over Seattle's proctormen, Jack Sikma and James Bailey. "This was our back-to-the-wall game," said Lanier. "Seattle has to be afraid of us now. If they win, everybody says all they did was beat the peons from Milwaukee. So we've got nothing to lose."

Facing elimination in Milwaukee, the Sonics spent a lot of time talking about things like their lack of killer instinct and how they needed crucial games to perform at their best. "Ideally we shouldn't be in a position to need that kind of pressure to win in the playoffs," Sikma said. "All playoff games are supposed to be

pressure games. Sooner or later we're going to get burned."

"Sometimes we just expect that we can walk out onto the floor and play like the Sonics," added Dennis Johnson, "but we can't do that."

Wilkins was the least sanguine Sonic regarding his team's inability or unwillingness to bear down for every game. "We play well under pressure," he said, "even seem to thrive on it for some reason. That's good, I'm glad we do it. But it's quickly making an old man of me. Our backs are to the wall."

Seattle's bouts of the vapors and intermittent muscle-flexing perplexed Nelson. "If they can turn it on and turn it off like they say they can," he said, "then they're a much better team than we are. We've played hard in every game, and I would hate to think they were just getting up for what they happen to consider the big games. They say they are, but I think if that's true it's a real shame."

No less a shame was the opportunity the Bucks let get away in Game 6. Despite the absence of swingman Junior Bridgeman, who had bruised his back in the previous game, and the limited mobility of Dave Meyers, who was playing with a wrenched knee, Milwaukee could have put the Sonics away Friday night and didn't do it. The Bucks got Seattle Forward Lonnie Shelton in early foul trouble, held the Sonics to a miserable 38.2 shooting percentage, induced Sikma to miss all but one of his 14 shots, successfully contained both Williams and Dennis Johnson—and still lost 86-85.

The Sonics won by keeping the ball in play on their own backboard and out-rebounding the Bucks on the offensive boards 19-7. It was particularly significant that Seattle's Paul Silas, the oldest player in the league, came off the bench for 14 rebounds after a fairly quiet series. "What it all boils down to," he said as he packed his bag for the trip back to Seattle, "is who wants it the most."

On Sunday, nobody wanted it more than Williams. Brown, the massive Shelton, who had 15 rebounds to go with his 15 points, and the consistent John (J.J.) Johnson. "Lonnie's play was an inspiration," said Silas. "He wanted this game so badly, play after play."

Said Fred Brown, "They thought their youth and exuberance would carry them, but in the end it came down to us knowing how to win." And doing it.

CONTINUED

Marques Johnson got up for every game and was the Bucks' leading scorer with a 20-point average



HUBBUB IN THE HUB

by John Papanek

So the Red Sox were getting their flannels peeled off over at Fenway, the Bruins were going facedown in the Stanley Cup playoffs and a whole lot of marathoners were milling around town. Nothing unusual about any of that. But Boston was buzzing last week as it hasn't buzzed in many a springtime because those men in the funny green sneakers were back in the hunt for another NBA title.

Inside ancient Boston Garden, the energy emanating from the sold-out crowd last Friday was enough to set the 13 championship banners to fluttering, for the Celtics had brought off one of the wondrous turnarounds in the history of sport. By winning 61 regular-season games against 21 losses—the best record in a very good year for the NBA—the Celtics had equaled their entire victory total for the two previous miserable seasons combined.

Moreover, the team had already taken a giant step toward banner No. 14 by demolishing the Houston Rockets in the Eastern Conference semifinals in four straight games. The average winning margin of 18.5 points moved Houston Coach Del Harris to call Boston "the best team I've ever seen." Some observers of that series thought Houston might have been the worst, but no matter. Rick Barry of CBS, who moonlights as a Houston forward, said, "If you're going to lose, it's nice to lose to a great team, rather than a bunch of circus clowns."

The Celtics had heard all about how great they were, so last Friday Coach Bill Fitch had to keep reminding them that the 76ers, their opponent in the conference finals, weren't the circus clowns they once might have been, that the Sixers were just two games worse than Boston overall, and that the teams had split six regular-season games.

In the stands, the fans were ready to go. Remembered were the epic battles be-





tween a hero named Russell and a villain named Chamberlain. Anticipated was an epic battle between a hero named Bird and a villain named Erving.

In the Boston locker room, each contributor to this semi-miraculous season—every one of whom, except the big rookie, has had a steady diet of losing the last few years—prepared for the showdown in his own way. Guard Chris Ford and M. L. Carr, the sixth man, both veterans of a circus known as the Detroit Pistons, read their mail. Forward Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell worked 20 minutes on getting his shoelaces just right. Dave Cowens, twice a championship center, once an MVP, once a runaway Christmas tree farmer, last year the coach of the worst Celtic team in 29 years, serenaded—yes, serenaded, in a voice that could shatter tin—his neighbor Nate (Tiny) Archibald, who wasn't one of Coach Cowens' favorite guys but now is the guard who makes the Celtics go. Cowens sang, "Tiiminy bubbles..." and laughed when Archibald looked at him as if he were crazy.

Other Celtics—like Pistol Pete Maravich, who took a pay cut of approximately \$525,000, frizzed his hair and painted his sneakers green just to be a part of all this—watched a videotape of Boston's last regular-season game with Philadelphia. Fitch desperately wanted his team to be ready for anything the Sixers might pull. So there was the tape showing Erving scoring about 10 baskets that the 101st Airborne couldn't have stopped. Sudden sharp yells disrupted the calm: "Help! Help! Help!" They sounded more like yelps.

Anxious eyes focused on Larry Bird, slumped in a corner, looking, as he always does, emotionless.

"Larry, what's wrong?" asked Rick Robey, the backup center.

"Nothin'," said Bird in his Hoosier drawl. "I'm just practicin' up my defense for Dr. J."

The Celtics had gotten to where they were by helping each other, by playing classic team basketball, but it was the brilliant play of Bird that helped most.

"He's just done everything the build-up said he'd do," says Fitch. Red Auerbach, the Celtics' president

continued

Cowens not only jump-hooked over Dawkins, but also put the heavy muscle to Sir Slam on defense



Maravich's power dunk met Dawkins' power block, and the Boston Garden rafters are still vibrating

NBA PLAYOFFS continued

and general manager, concurs. Says Auerbach, "He's the best passing forward I've ever seen. Better than Bill Bradley, Rick Barry, John Havlicek, all of them. From an unbiased point of view I think he should be the MVP. Everybody says Abdul-Jabbar or Erving, but people don't realize that these guys are with organized teams that they've been with for years. Bird's playing with new people, not only new to him, but new to each

other. And he has made the difference."

But so, too, has Cowens, who was unburdened from the coaching job he inherited in the shambles of last season. He worked himself into magnificent physical and mental shape for this year. So did Ford. The best thing anyone ever said about his game when he played in Detroit was that he was "smart" and "hardworking." And then there was Archibald. In 1972-73, at Kansas City, he led the league in scoring with 34 points per game and in assists with 11. He broke

his left foot 34 games into the 1976-77 season, when he was with the Nets. A year later, traded to Buffalo, he tore an Achilles tendon in an exhibition game, and that cost him another season. He spent much of last year on the Boston bench, musing as players like JoJo White, Earl Tatum, Marvin Barnes, Curtis Rowe and Earl Williams were shipped out by Coach Cowens. In his lowest moments, Archibald sought solace from his old Kansas City coach, the man who taught him much of what he knows about playing guard—Bob Cousy. "Cooz would tell me, 'Don't get down, Tiny. These are the Celtics. Things will get better.' Well, the man was right."

The one missing ingredient this season was a shooting guard to come off the bench. So the call went out to Maravich, who had already settled his contract with the Utah Jazz, cleared league waivers and was a free agent. "I always wanted Pete," says Auerbach. "I wanted to see what he could do playing with a good team."

So did Maravich. He was packed and ready to sign with Philadelphia—the '76ers had a uniform all ready for him—when Auerbach called. It didn't take much to convince the Pistol, and on Jan. 22 he chose Boston. "It wasn't money," says Maravich. "People don't believe me, but I've always said I never played this game for money. The money was just always there." Now he signed for a mere \$80,000.

Maravich hadn't come off the bench for Utah in 28 straight games. When he arrived in Boston, he says, "I was in no shape at all. I was trying to catch a 60-mile-per-hour locomotive and I was standing still. I didn't look at it like the press did—'Here's Maravich's last shot. Let's get Pete a championship before he goes out.' No thanks, I can live without that. I thought that just one time I wanted to experience the other side, the fun. I wanted to contribute, not be the main donor. When you've been on the negative side for a decade you want a different perspective."

"My game is still as good as ever. I'm in shape now, my knees are fine. Hell, I averaged 23 points a game in this league with a three-pound brace on my knee."

Maravich worked himself into shape, and averaged 17 points in 25 minutes over the last nine games of the season. In a key game at Washington continued

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on March 25 he scored 17 points in the fourth period, including a three-pointer to win it at the buzzer.

"A championship would culminate my whole basketball life," Pistol says. "It's the only reason I ever started playing in the first place, to get a ring. The other stuff—the trophies, plaques, scoring championship—you can throw it in the Mississippi River for all I care. It doesn't mean a thing to me. This team is what basketball is about."

But as important as Cowens, Archibald and Maravich have been, Bird has been more so. In Boston, they speak of the Russell era, the Cowens era. This is the dawning of the Bird era. Maravich, once dubbed "the guard of the '70s," hails Bird as "the forward of the '80s."

But as the series with the Sixers began, Bird's defense was causing concern. Maxwell would be busy trying to keep Caldwell Jones off the backboards. Cowens had to worry about Darryl Dawkins, who was coming off a 30-point, 11-rebound performance in the final game of Philly's 4-1 triumph over Atlanta, and Dawkins was bound to unleash some of his chocolate thunder on Boston Garden's parquet floor sooner or later. Ford would have his hands full with Lionel Hollins, a superb shooter, and Archibald would have to be the Tiny of old to chase Maurice Cheeks around all night.

That didn't leave a lot of help for Bird on Erving. Not that anything short of divine intervention would do the job anyway, for the Doctor has been playing his best basketball since joining the '76ers four years ago.

"Larry's defense has improved tremendously for a guy who can barely out-run Red," said Fitch. "But J. I don't know who in this league can stop J."

Boston's intention was to stop Philadelphia's brutal fast break, on the theory that an Erving standing still is better than an Erving in full flight. But when the Doctor shoots the way he did on Friday night's opener—12 for 22, 29 points—Erving on ice skates would have been formidable. Boston slowed Philadelphia down all right, but the Celtics' own spectacular fast break was shut down as well, and they lost the game 96-93.

Even though Cowens and Bird controlled the backboards in the first half, the Sixers would scramble back in a defense they could only have dreamed about playing in past years. Archibald was

slowed to a halt. Dawkins would spread his bulk across the lane to keep Tiny from penetrating, while Caldwell Jones and Hollins would block the passing lanes, which the Celtics normally own. Nevertheless, the Celtics rammed in enough perimeter shots and drew enough fouls to lead for all but 128 of the first half and held a 52-44 lead at halftime. But Erving had turned Bird into a penguin. The Sixers would get the Doctor the ball and get out of his way. Result: Erving burned Bird for 14 points in the first half and then simply took over the game for 2½ minutes in the third period. The Celtics led comfortably, 58-50, when, inexplicably, they decided it was three-pointer time. First Bird missed, then Ford, and Erving turned both plays into baskets. The Sixers cleared out for him and he drove for another; he flipped in one more at the end of a break; and then he tossed in a 20-foot bank shot from the left wing. Five in a row. After a 14-4 surge, Philly was ahead 64-62.

Boston never led again, although it tied the score twice in the final period on Bird bombs. But when Erving tired down the stretch, Guard Henry Bibby came off the bench with some clutch shooting, and Dawkins took charge in the middle. Sir Slam sent one dunk shot down the shirt of Robey, who was playing because Cowens had five fouls, and hit two nimble jumpers from the lane to make it 94-90. With two minutes left, Maxwell came screaming in for a jam, and Dawkins blocked it—cleanly, Maxwell said. "I threw down a power dunk. Dawkins made a power block. He was awesome."

Bird had scored 27 points, but that wasn't enough. Dawkins finished with 23 points and 10 rebounds, a power performance, his best ever in Boston.

The win threw the home-court advantage to Philly and someone said to Fitch, "You almost have to win Sunday."

"There's no almost about it," the coach replied.

Fitch had been driving that imperative home—so forcefully that for a while on Sunday it looked as if he had unnerved the Celtics, particularly Bird. Erving burned him three times in the early going, while Bird missed three of four shots and threw away two passes. Fitch threw his hands heavenward and called for a time-out.

"Larry knew I was going to holler at

him," he said, "so I didn't." The silent treatment worked. All Bird did was score 15 of the next 21 Celtic points on four rainbows and three fake-and-go moves that left Erving stroking his chin. While Bird was collecting 21 first-half points on 10-for-16 shooting and working hard to deny the ball to Erving, Maravich came in to sit four of five shots as Boston cruised to a 53-38 lead. But from there, Philadelphia subs Steve Mix and Bobby Jones led a 12-1 Sixer run that brought it to 54-50 at halftime.

Bird hit his first three shots of the second half against Erving, twice using moves right out of the Doctor's bag. "He had been making his outside shots," said Erving, "so when he would pull up, I went for the shot, figuring that if he drove I would get help. He kind of set me up."

"I didn't set up nothing," said Bird. "I just took what was available."

Dawkins hit three straight baskets to tie the game at 62 in the third quarter, but Cowens demonstrated that, even at 31, he may still be the best pure defensive center around. He put the heavy muscle to Dawkins and Sir Slam didn't score again. "All I want to say is that hand-checking is illegal," commented Dawkins, "and I swear Cowens has six hands."

The final period was a defensive clinic by the Celtics, pressing and double-teaming the ball, clogging the middle and controlling the board. Even Bird's eight straight misses—"I ain't never seen nobody hit every shot he took," he said—hardly mattered, with Maxwell fighting for offensive rebounds, going to the foul line six times in the last five minutes and finishing with 17 points. And anyway, Bird wasn't finished yet.

"He missed eight in a row," said Fitch, "but I knew damn well if he got him a good shot on nine it was going to go." It did. Bird ended up with 31 points, Erving with a sloppy 24 and his knees packed in ice, and the Celtics with a much-needed 96-90 win.

"I just went out and done the things I done in the first game," said Bird. "I just had my hands on the ball a little more. I did hit some shots I thought I'd missed." And so the series went to Philadelphia. "Right now the impossible dream for us is beating Philadelphia in Philly," said Archibald.

"It ain't no impossible," said Bird. "We've got to go out of here like they came in here."

END

WHEN THE BLOOM IS OFF THE ROSES

Is there a life after Louisville? For some Kentucky Derby winners the answer is not much of one, a few even wound up pulling wagons. Others, however, have literally rolled in clover.

by WILLIAM NACK

It happened in the fall of 1973, but Verna Lehmann can still see the van in the driveway of her Paris, Ky. farm, see Dust Commander being loaded inside, the van pulling out along the barrier of trees to the gateway of the farm and the horse standing motionless and looking straight ahead through the bars of the van window. It was, she recalls, the most unsettling experience she has ever had in the horse business.

Dust Commander, her 1970 Kentucky Derby winner, had been sold to a syndicate of breeders in Japan, and he was on his way to an airplane chartered to take him there. Verna and her husband Robert had paid \$6,500 for the son of Bold Commander, an obscure but well-bred son of the great sire Bold Ruler, at a yearling sale in Kentucky in 1968. He won a minor stakes race as a 2-year-old, but he was never considered a Derby contender, even when he won the Blue Grass Stakes in the mud nine days before the Derby. So few believed in him at Churchill Downs that he was sent off at more than 15 to 1. But he came charging off the pace in the stretch to win by five lengths. Dust Commander started 19 more times, winning only once, an allowance race at Churchill Downs.

Ten months after his Derby, he was retired to the stud at Golden Chance, the Lehmann farm. Although his fee was \$1,500, a fire-sale price, he attracted so little interest that the Lehmanns ended up giving away free services to him. After he had stood at Golden Chance for three seasons, the

Japanese offered \$500,000 for him. "I wasn't interested in the money," Verna says. "I wanted the horse. I was proud of him. He was the Derby winner. I wanted to keep him." But Lehmann said he had decided to sell and his wife told him he was the boss, and that ended it.

Thus was Dust Commander consigned to the oblivion reserved for those American stallions who have failed or for whom failure is foreseen. For a stud horse to be sent to Japan or Venezuela or New Zealand is kind of like a ball-player being waived to Triple A. You still play, but no one much notices you anymore. Apparently, the Derby was a fluke, and there was no way this little chestnut was going to sire anything of any account. "I figured I'd never see him again," Verna Lehmann says.

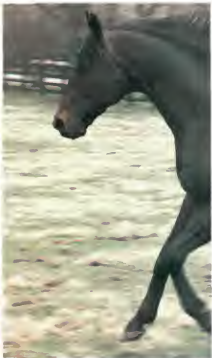
As might be expected, the fates of the 105 horses who have won the Kentucky Derby have varied. A number retired to stud and grew in stature—War Admiral (1937), Count Fleet (1943) and Northern Dancer (1964) did especially well—but more declined into obscurity. The 1876 winner, Vagrant, ended up pulling a cart through the streets of Lexington. Lord Murphy (1879) was sent to England. After four disappointing races, he was sold at public auction for 10 guineas, about \$50. Typhoon II (1897) continued

Dust Commander, the 1970 winner, went to Japan, but came home when his kids won big.





Lucky Debonair (1965) is kicking up his heels in Venezuela, a port of call for sires who haven't exactly been world-beaters. He was sold for \$260,000.



Chateaugay (1963) gets plenty of tender loving care in Japan, where he is a sire of some repute. His best runner in the U.S., True Knight, won \$739,673.





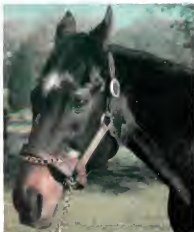
It is still too early to tell about Seattle Slew (1977), now at Spendthrift Farm in Kentucky. His first crop won't get to the racetrack for another two years.



Secretariat (1973) has been less than legendary as stud, though he sired Terlingua (\$423,896 in earnings) as well as speedy General Assembly (\$463,245).

THE ROSES

continued



Needles (1936), oldest living champ, sired winners of \$6 million

fired even worse. He was gelded sometime after the Derby and wound up between the shafts of a milk wagon in Indianapolis. And there was poor old Rosebud (1914), one of the greatest of all, a gelding, who held the Derby record of 2:03 2/5 for 17 years. Plagued by unsoundness, he broke down in a claiming race at New York's old Jamaica track and was destroyed. He was 11.

Sir Barton (1919) was the first horse to win the Triple Crown, but he never reproduced a glimmer of himself at stud. Turned over to the U.S. Army in 1933, a failure as a sire of racehorses, he ended up at a cavalry remount station at Fort Robinson, Neb., servicing government mares. He finished out his days on a ranch near Douglas, Wyo. Whiskery (1927), who proved to be sterile, became the night watchman's horse on a farm in Virginia. One night he walked into a tree and lost an eye. Another night he walked into another tree, hurt a leg and had to be destroyed. Clyde Van Dusen (1929), a gelded son of Man o' War, became a stable pony for Clyde Van Dusen, the trainer for whom he was named. Black Gold (1924) was sterile, as were Twenty Grand (1931) and Assault (1946), a Triple Crown winner.

Omaha (1935), also a Triple Crown winner, failed at stud and spent his final years at a farm in Nebraska City. The celebrated Whirlaway (1941), another Triple Crown winner, failed, too; he died in a breeding shed in France in 1953. Iron Liege (1957), who beat Gallant Man (that was the year Bill Shoemaker misjudged the finish line and eased Gallant



Man at the 1/16 pole, died at stud in Japan in 1971. Chateaugay (1963) was sold for \$450,000 to a Japanese syndicate, and if anyone asks you how he is doing, just say off-handedly, "Well, one of his sons, Shizuno Katsuba, won the Kinbui Gold Cup in 1978." Both Dancer's Image, who won the 1968 Derby only to be disqualified for having been given an illegal medication, and the horse awarded first place in the race, Forward Pass, also stand in Japan, which has sort of taken over where the remount stations left off. Then there is Venezuela, now home to Lucky Debonair (1965). A syndicate of Venezuelan breeders bought him for \$260,000 in 1975.

Of course, a good many winners stayed close to home. Needles (1956) is in Ocala, Fla., where he was a sire for 21 years until his retirement in 1977. The old bay stretch runner never got that one big horse, that classic winner for which all breeders wait, but his fee held at \$5,000, live foal, and he ended up with a large family, about 350 offspring in all, which won upwards of \$6 million. At 27, Needles is the oldest living Derby winner. His back is swayed and he's beginning to sprout gray hairs, but he still saunters when his caretaker, Willie Riley, takes him out to graze.

"Oh, he's a ham!" Riley says. "Loves attention. The groups come here, and he'll stand and pose while they take his picture. He still gets cards, and people send carrots. He's content. He's doing good for a horse his age. He can still see you well, but he can't hear too good. I'll come to call him in his paddock and he'll be standing behind a tree sleeping. I'll holler to get his attention and he'll stand there asleep. I have to go down there to wake him up."

On retiring from racing, most Derby winners go back to Kentucky, the center of the world's bloodstock industry. Miles of oak post-and-rail fencing form its geometry. It is here, on a handful of these vast, magnificent studs, places like Claiborne, Spendthrift and Gainesway, that the winners of the 10 Derbies from 1969 through 1978 are housed, pastured, groomed and bred to mares who wait their turns outside the breeding sheds. The 1979 winner, Spectacular Bid, is ticketed for Claiborne after this, his last magnificent racing season, in which he has already won \$425,600.

Among the most elegant of these spreads is Spendthrift Farm. In the U-shaped Nashua Motel, the main stallion barn, named after its oldest and most respected tenant, are three Derby winners—Majestic Prince (1969), who has already found success at stud, and the Triple Crown winners Seattle Slew (1977) and Affirmed (1978).

Affirmed was just about the coolest customer on the racetrack, as calm as a pony. But after being syndicated for \$14.4 million to stand at stud, his demeanor changed. "He's a different horse since he's bred his first mare," says groom Gerard O'Brien. "When he came here he was a quiet horse. When we first bred him, it took him just a couple of seconds to get it together, and he's been looking for more and more ever since. Now he's unpredictable when he's around mares,

very aggressive and excitable. He starts making noise and jumping around. I have to tie him up in his stall when we're breeding other horses."

Watching Seattle Slew trying to crawl out of his coat on the racetrack, one would have thought he would be a dragon snorting fire in the breeding shed. He's anything but. A bashful sort, Slew sometimes has to be introduced to a mare more than twice in a day before he takes any interest in her, not that he has any trouble getting mares in foal—40 of 44 last spring—once he makes up his mind.

Riva Ridge (1972), who stands at Claiborne, is no tiger in the shed, either, and in that respect appears to have changed little from his days at the track. "He's just about the kindest stallion I've ever seen," says Gus Koch, assistant manager at Claiborne. Nor has Secretariat (1973) changed; he relishes his work at Claiborne as much as he did racing. He hasn't been the stallion breeders were hoping for after Triple Crown victories, but he has sired some big winners, notably General Assembly and Terlingua, and his progeny are still in demand.

But the Blue Grass is an unsentimental region where failure is forgiven in no horse, where value is measured by the quality of the runners a stallion produces. The mediocre fall quickly out of favor, regardless of their names. Two years ago at Gainesway Farm, one of the most exciting Derby winners of modern times, Canonero II (1971), was quietly moved from the main stallion barn to a smaller annex. When he went to stud in 1973, his fee was \$10,000, but he has failed to sire one stakes winner. He still looks grand, as bold-looking as a bronze statue of a Civil War general's horse, but his fee is now \$1,500.

And then there is Dust Commander. Last fall John Gaines, the master of Gainesway, concluding two years of negotiations with the Japanese, brought him home again. Despite the sour prognostications, his career at stud had been remarkable. His first crop to go to the races included a Preakness winner, Master Derby. By the time he was acquired by Gainesway, Dust Commander had sired winners of \$4,467,000. Run Dusty Run, who finished second to Slew in the Derby and Preakness and third to him in the Belmont Stakes, was in Dust Commander's third crop. Despite the generally nondescript mares to whom he was bred in those first three years in Kentucky, Dust Commander had 53 winners—seven of them stakes winners—among 62 sons and daughters who got to the races.

"His first three crops were sensational," says Gaines. "I was determined to return him to the U.S." And so he did. Gaines syndicated the former \$6,500 yearling, the fluke Derby winner, the Japanese castoff, for \$6.75 million. The \$1,500 stud fee of 1971-73 has soared to \$50,000.

Robert Lehmann never knew what he had sold. He died in January of 1974, before Master Derby ever ran a race. When Dust Commander came home, television cameras were there to greet him at the Lexington airport. So was Verna Lehmann, who figured wrong. "I'm thrilled," she told Gaines. "It's one of the happiest days of my life in the horse business."

Cool on the racetrack, Affirmed (1978) has become "aggressive and excitable" at stud

Levine, who once boosted Warner attendance, checks a fan to see what went sour



**MORE
VICTORIES EQUALS
MORE FANS EQUALS
MORE PROFITS, RIGHT?
WRONG, WRONG, WRONG**

So says Matthew Levine, a marketing whiz whose firm has uncovered some startling information about pro sports by talking to—of all people—the fans

by RAY KENNEDY

Winning is everything. That has been the rallying cry in the front offices as well as the front lines of professional sports for so long that it is the tarnished equivalent of In God We Trust. And for obvious reasons. As any ticket taker well knows, more victories equals more fans equals more profits. Elementary, no?

No. Dumb, unimaginative and hopelessly anachronistic thinking, says Matthew Levine, president of Pacific Select Corp., a marketing consultant firm that specializes in the sports business. "Winning isn't everything," he insists. "In fact, only 25% of the fans come out solely because a team is winning."

Hold on. Is Levine suggesting that all those raucous, wild-eyed fanatics in the stands are just humble consumers in search of understanding? That they purchase tickets for a wide variety of reasons, including anxiety, escapism and sex appeal? That by analyzing and catering to their needs a team can lose on the playing field and still gain at the box office? And conversely, that fans taken for granted are capable of giving the cold shoulder to the hottest contender?

Yes. Marketingwise, as Levine is wont to say, the sports industry is no different from any other business that deals in consumer goods. People can be swayed by most any stimuli to buy most anything, be it a can of no-brand beans or a ticket to see the no-name Colorado Rockies. Winning is nice, says Levine, but it isn't the only thing or—Vince Lombardi preserve us—even the primary thing. "Most fans aren't involved in races and won-lost records," says Levine. "Three-fourths of them attend five or fewer games a season, and winning is not a major factor in determining how they spend their entertainment dollar."

The winning obsession loses on three counts, Levine maintains. First, it deters teams from practicing the kind of sound

business policies that benefit both the fans and the club. Second, since there can be only one winner, it shortchanges the also-rans. "Wait till next year" isn't the kind of slogan that sets attendance records. And third, it obscures the fact that the sports public requires more than the usual amount of hard sell and tender loving stroking.

Symptomatic of the idiosyncrasies of the sports market are the New York Mets. Debuting in 1962, they drew so well in their early stumblebum years as to create the impression that losing could be both endearing and lucrative. "That was a figment of the media's imagination," says Levine, who conducted a three-month study of the Mets' market last fall on behalf of the team and major league baseball. The support of the fledgling Mets was not a result of any kind of blind love affair, says Levine, but of the "lingering appeal" of the old Dodgers and Giants, whose visits to New York accounted for 40% of the Mets' gate. When that allure began to fade, so did attendance.

The Mets' box-office slide began in 1971 and, though the team remained competitive through 1976, it grew more precipitous each season thereafter. The nadir was reached one day last week when Met attendance dipped to 2,052 for a game, an all-time club home low. Among other miscalculations, says Levine, the Mets somehow assumed that the bulk of their attendance came from the affluent suburbs of Westchester County and Connecticut, when in fact 80% to 85% of their fans are from the working-class areas of Brooklyn, Queens, and Nassau and Suffolk counties. As a result, "their marketing focus was all wrong," says Levine, and so were their pinchpenny ways in the front office.

With the National League's smallest marketing staff in the nation's largest market, it was small wonder that the Mets were viewed as insensitive to their fans. Indeed, along with the Oakland A's Charlie Finley, the Mets' M. Donald Grant ranked as one of the most disliked owners in sports. Conversely, *continued*



Marketing keyed to middle-aged Astro fans like this couple helped Houston's gate by 774,167 in '79



To the Giants, Levine said, "Sign McCovey, get Blue" to give Bay Area fans a sense of continuity.

says Levine. "The Yankees' George Steinbrenner projects the same image that New Yorkers have of themselves—tough, opinionated, aggressive, hardened to the needs of survival—a fact that helped the Yankees draw more fans from the Mets' territory than the Mets did."

In a carefully plotted counterattack, Jerry Della Femina, head of the ad agency that the Mets hired to act on Levine's report, suggested that a trip to Shea was a safer bet because of the crime rate around Yankee Stadium. Moreover, he said, "This town has had to settle for Reggie Jackson too long," and insisted that the real "glamour player" was the Mets' Lee Mazzilli. "He's a handsome Bucky Dent who can hit, and he doesn't do fur-coat commercials."

Levine, who is negotiating his continued role with the new Mets ownership this season, feels they can prosper by enhancing Mazzilli's image as a teeny-bop heartthrob and by introducing such innovations as a switch on the old Ladies' Day promo. Because 66% of the team's female fans are working women, the kind who are figuring more prominently in family decisions, Levine feels that they won't be able to resist a new offering: hey, gals, buy a ticket and drag along your husband at half price. He is confident that with sound management the Mets can triple their attendance to 2.3 million or so in the next three to five years.

"Business has been a dirty word in sports for too long," says Levine. "Run-

ning a team is unique only in that the degree of complexity involved is five times greater than for a company with comparable revenues. While a widget manufacturer sells the same product over and over again to the same clearly defined market, in sports each game is a different sell to a highly fragmented audience, which varies not only from city to city but from household to household. As a result, the downside risk is much greater in sports. But so is the upside potential, and teams have to do a lot more than sit around waiting for a winner. Now more than ever, they have to listen and respond to the demands of their markets."

Nonetheless, the win syndrome persists if only because no one has yet heard fans chanting "We're No. 2!" What is heard is a lot of unsolicited advice from self-appointed experts, and over the years many team executives have developed an occupational disease called "hard-of-listening." After all, they say, who knows better what makes the fans happy than the men charged with the day-to-day operation of a club? The fans themselves, says Levine. Oh yeah, how does he know what they want? Simple. He asked them.

Over the past six years Levine and his Pacific Select associates have interviewed some 300,000 fans, beginning with the basic questions: Why do you go to a game? Why do you stay away? What can be done to make you attend more often? The initial response was, "Gee, I'm glad you asked"; the reaction to many of the

results tends to be, "Gee, we never knew that." For example:

- More than half of the people who consider themselves loyal sports fans never attend a game.

- Sportswriters are much less influential than either they or the teams think they are.

- At any given game 15% to 20% of the fans are there to "relieve pressure and tensions."

- Today's young adults (18 to 30 years old) don't know how to watch a game.

- The free-agent shuffle is destroying the sense of stability and continuity that fans thrive on.

- The multicolor court had nothing to do with it, if managed properly, World Team Tennis would have succeeded.

- Bat Day or No Bat Day, baseball is not the big family sport of legend.

- What NFL cheerleaders are to many male spectators, NBA players are to many female fans: sex objects in scanty costumes.

More than illuminating, Levine's findings shed a damning light on an industry that is still in the Dark Ages of consumer awareness. Ignorance is no excuse for the fact that peddlers of dog food know and care far more about their consumers than do the moguls of the pro game. While the correlation between winning and attendance is clear, there are so many exceptions that only the most apathetic observer would be unaware that there is more to filling the stands than leading the standings.

In baseball, for example, anyone perusing the attendance figures would have no inkling that the current lords of their leagues, the Baltimore Orioles and Pittsburgh Pirates, have been top contenders for most of the '70s. Take the 1977 Orioles—please. That apparently was how their fans felt when, despite a slam-bang divisional race in which the Birds finished just 2½ games off the pace, they played before small crowds; indeed, the Toronto Blue Jays, who finished 4½ games out, drew 505,283 more rooters than the Orioles.

Likewise for the 1978 Pirates; though they came within 1½ games of winning the NL East, their gate dropped by 273,243 from that of the previous season, when they finished five games behind. And even last season no amount of belated we-are-fun-a-lee hoopla could disguise the mean fact that the No. 1 team in the majors was No. 18 in attendance

continued

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



Padres owner Ray Kroc sank his teeth into some juicy attendance figures after a high-powered promotion campaign assured fans they mattered



Then there was 1974, the extraordinary season when it mattered not that the San Diego Padres could do no better than duplicate their woeful 1973 record (66-102) or that the Oakland A's won their third straight World Series. Padre attendance soared by 463,593 and the A's declined by 155,070—thus the phenomenon of the worst team in baseball outdrawing the best. The problem in Oakland was an old, jaded owner, the difference in San Diego was a new, energetic one. Ray Kroc of Big Mac fame, and the same kind of we-care, you-matter promotional hustle that sold all those hamburgers.

Similarly, while the Houston Astros were sliding from third place in 1976 to fifth in 1978, their gate climbed by nearly a quarter of a million. The result of an aggressive new marketing campaign, the support set the stage for last season when, with a bona fide contender to root for, Astro attendance jumped by a startling 774,167, the greatest gain last year by any team in professional sports.

It is not coincidental that the Astros are one of several satisfied clients of Pacific Select. Nor does their success mean that the neediest teams benefit the most from Levine's expertise. Too often, lulled by a kind of fat-cat complacency, it is the perennial powers who are the least attentive to their public and consequently

suffer the most when they fall from grace. For instance, Levine estimates that two seasons ago Pacific Select could have helped the faltering Chicago Bulls cut their gate losses by at least half.

The problem, says Levine, is that professional teams developed as the playthings of millionaires seeking relief from the pressures of the business world. Even today, with inflated salaries and soaring costs, many teams are still run like the corner grocery. "We're not as efficient as we should be," admits Billy Sullivan, president of the New England Patriots. "Football really isn't run like most businesses. Budgets are never done. Expense accounts are kept on the backs of envelopes. We don't set goals."

Matt Levine does. As a kid raised in the smoky arenas of Jumping Joe Finks and the Philadelphia Warriors, and later as sports editor of the school paper at Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., Levine earned his stripes as a true-blue fan. After a tour at the Columbia Graduate School of Business, he joined the Scott Paper Co. and served in the combat zone of marketing, selling diapers, garbage bags and the like to supermarkets in the tough Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto of New York City. Though he also engaged in more genteel pursuits—bank-loan officer, management consultant—Levine never lost his fascination with

continued



Sex sells seats: be it cheerleaders or NBAers

the wonderful world of packaged goods, and in 1971 he moved to San Francisco and founded his own marketing consultant firm.

Business was brisk but so was the competition, and Levine longed "to find a smaller industry with major problems, one in which we would be the leader in the field and not just one of many." Shortly after the 1973-74 NBA season, he chanced upon a newspaper account of team attendance and "ran some numbers" on his trusty pocket calculator. To his surprise he found that the league was playing to less than 60% capacity, a sales record that would embarrass any self-respecting diaper salesman. The more Levine investigated the possibilities of applying the sales techniques of packaged goods to sports, the more he was convinced that he had stumbled upon a virgin market. "Damn," he concluded, "we can do something to help these people."

But how to get through to the hard-of-hearing? Levine contacted a number of teams, including the founding Golden State Warriors and San Francisco Giants, but met with the same response given to fans: don't call us, we won't call you. Levine was about to write off the pros as incorrigible amateurs when the Warriors announced the appointment of Dick Vertlieb, a former stockbroker, as general manager. Levine recalls, "'Ah, a businessman,' I said to myself. 'He'll understand what I'm talking about.'"

He did, thanks to an after-hours telephone call that Levine arranged with the help of a team secretary who let it drop that Vertlieb was in the habit of working late at night. "Picking up the phone is a reflex action with stockbrokers," Vertlieb explains. "It might be a sale." And so, after the two men talked for more than two hours, Pacific Select had its first professional-sports customer.

The prospects were bleak. Since moving from Philadelphia to the Bay Area in 1962, the Warriors had had more trouble reaching the fans than reaching the playoffs. In those parts, winters were for ski trips to Tahoe and money was for spending on Raider and 49er games.

A team on the make was the image that Levine and Vertlieb purveyed when they launched their full-scale marketing assault in the summer of 1974, a period when the Warriors customarily shut down their offices. "Can you imagine?" says Levine. "The most important time to sell season and group tickets, and they

hung up their gone fishin' sign." By polling fans on everything from their preferences in starting times to halftime entertainment, Levine compiled a demographic profile of Warrior supporters and isolated them by Zip Codes for specialized promotions.

Direct mailings were sent to "target audiences." Public transportation was arranged for fans in outlying districts. Players staged clinics and appeared at charity functions to demonstrate that the Warriors were good citizens intent on giving something back to the community. Feature stories on new acquisitions like Center Clifford Ray, gourmet cook and clarinet player, were pushed to show that the players were colorful personalities. Appearances by the visiting stars named most popular by the fans—Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Dave Cowens, Walt Frazier, Bill Walton—were promoted like movie premieres. "We worked 10 to 12 hours a day," says Vertlieb. "We went out to people on a one-to-one basis. We spoke before every group, answered every letter—even hate mail—and responded to every phone call. We wanted the people to know that we cared. Then we thought they'd cure."

One slogan, the Year of Entertainment, was aimed at the 55% of adult fans who were under 35 and tended to view a game as more of a showbiz spectacle than a sporting event. Another pitch exploited the fact that basketball attracts a larger share of the female audience than football or baseball—38% of the gate in the case of the Warriors.

Through in-depth discussions with groups of women fans, Levine ascertained that their appreciation of the game is more "interpersonal." For instance, where male spectators see exciting matchups on the court, female fans see attractive young men performing a kind of sensuous ballet. The resulting billboard campaign was about as subtle as a slam dunk. WE HAVE 12 GLAYSIN THEIR SHORTS WHO WILL GO ALL NIGHT. "It was our way of telling folks that we were going to be exciting, entertaining and hustling every minute," says Vertlieb.

Sure enough, once the season got under way the fans started showing up in inspiring numbers. The Warriors, who had averaged a lonely 6,465 fans a game the previous season, sold out the 12,787-seat Oakland Coliseum for a game in the notoriously slow month of December. A

week later they had another full house. Then another and another. Levine's studies showed that efforts to broaden the team's drawing base were paying off: for each game 5,000 fans poured across the bridge from the San Francisco side of the Bay, and one-third of the arrivals hadn't attended a game the season before.

It also didn't hurt that the Warriors started winning in bunches. In fact, there was every evidence that their newfound togetherness proved Levine's point that business is not only compatible with sports but it can also be a formidable unifying force. In an era when the lowliest bench warmer has a stock portfolio and a battery of financial advisers, Vertlieb agrees that "modern athletes understand and respond better to the businesslike approach than they do to the old family approach."

Something was contagious, for what began as a rash became an epidemic of avid support as the Warriors set new attendance and gross revenue records for the season and then roared on to win the NBA championship. For their parts, Vertlieb was named NBA Executive of the Year and Levine became MVP—Most Valuable Prophet—for a host of new converts who, miracle of miracles, had suddenly regained their hearing. Always a believer, Vertlieb subsequently spread the gospel in Seattle and two years ago, after serving as executive director of the Mariners, he joined Pacific Select as a management troubleshooter.

In addition, Levine employs what sounds like a lineup of corporate hit men: new venture start-up experts, facility turnaround specialists, focus group moderators, marketing strategists and organization analysts as well as plain old polling and pay-TV whizbangs. Developing "good numbers"—reliable research—is only the beginning of Pacific Select's services. Many teams have dabbled in market research, but their efforts are mainly what Levine calls "quick and dirties," sketchy or misleading studies done on the cheap. Even when certifiably "good," the numbers must add up to a positive answer to Levine's favorite question. So what? "There is lots of information around," he says, "but none of it tells a team what to do tomorrow."

Pacific Select does, integrating recommendations for everything from parking and ticket pricing to program design and budgeting into a detailed marketing plan. For the San Francisco Giants, who en-

continued

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gaged the firm in 1976 to help resuscitate the franchise, Levine's directives, outlined in a report titled "Strategic Opportunities and Next Steps," conjure up visions of Knute Rockne rallying the boys in the boardroom: Recapture Short-term Defectors. Hammer Out Improved Transit Service. Fight Conversion to Grass. Sell the National League and Willie McCovey Hard. Rejuvenate West Bay Base. Galvanize Children's Support.

The latter proposal seemed less compelling in light of Levine's discovery that, contrary to time-honored belief, baseball is not the big family sport overrun by daddies and their kids. At Astro games, surprisingly enough, couples over 45 dominate, and in San Francisco 53% of the fans are from households with no children. "Ever since Veeck started giving free pickles to kids 25 years ago," says Levine, "baseball has been 90% oriented toward children. But now we find that attendance is more and more dominated by singles."

Mostly young adults from 18 to 35, the singles multiplied into the thousands at Candlestick Park when the Giants gave them postgame rock concerts and their own version of Bat Day. "Singles get off on T-shirts," Levine says. Getting the homebodies off their duffs required "media blitzing," Levine explains. "The best time to sell people tickets is when they are watching a game on TV." Between-innings promos for the Giants' new telephone credit-card service resulted in the sale of 170,000 tickets the first year.

Levine has high regard for the promotional powers of TV. "Think the unthinkable—manage your press personnel," he advises in *Sports Management Review*, a "market development and problem solving quarterly" that Pacific Select circulates among some 600 sports executives. "Be alert to an outmoded orientation to print media at the expense of television and radio, especially the former." In directing the Giants to ration and refocus their media relations with an eye toward "profitable results" rather than "volume," he contends that "The guy who does the 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. sportscasts has more impact than all the newspapers combined."

To prosper these days, says Levine, sports entrepreneurs have to develop the killer instincts of defensive tackles. "Look at Steinbrenner in New York. He's succeeded in the free-agent market because he ignores the old gentlemen's-club ap-

proach." Going for the A's jugular, Levine recommended that the Giants send a "task force" across the Bay Bridge to open a ticket office in the shadow of the Oakland Coliseum. Result: 270,000 tickets sold, or more than half the A's 1978 attendance.

Noting that fans are turned off by the high turnover rate of players, Levine advocated special treatment for the two Bay Area players who scored highest in projecting stability, continuity and "top-of-mind awareness." The Giants signed Willie McCovey to a long-term contract and needed no prodding to pursue Levine's recommendation for the A's Vida Blue: get him. They did in 1978.

All told, with McCovey rivaling Coit Tower as a city monument, and Blue holding forth as of old, Giant attendance shot from 700,056 in 1977 to 1,740,477 the following season, a stirring gain of 150%. "People are looking for stability," says Levine. "If they don't get fun and entertainment out of a sport, they say the heck with it. There are too many problems with everything else in the world. They don't need it in sports, too."

The affections of fans are not only highly volatile but, left unattended, can sour with alarming rapidity. While the Giants held their own at the box office last season despite a slump on the field, the Warriors have fallen on hard times. Their new front-office team employs many of the policies instigated by Vertlieb and Levine, but, Levine says, "They fail to realize that it doesn't work forever. The team has lost the confidence of the fans because they didn't constantly monitor their behavior and attitudes, which is a molten mass of change. You have to keep in touch."

After the Oakland Raiders lost touch by attempting to defect to Los Angeles, Levine was called in to assist in the resulting "Super Bowl of litigation." His findings: "Losing the Raiders will have a detrimental effect on the community and the Oakland Coliseum far beyond the loss of revenues." In another study Levine concluded that Finley's Oakland A's qualify as the "worst-run business operation in sports."

In 1978 Pacific Select was called in to assist in a last-ditch stand to save World Team Tennis. Levine's firm determined that, among other miscalculations, the league had put franchises in the three worst tennis markets (Indianapolis, New Orleans, Cleveland) and none in the three

best (Miami, Dallas, Atlanta). "The market was much smaller than they thought," says Levine. "They figured on capturing 30% of the 20 million tennis players in America. They got the heavy tennis players, all right, but only 30% of them had ever seen a live professional match before, and it was like asking them to eat frogs' legs once a week. You have to cultivate a taste for it. They would have in time, but it would have taken five to seven years of hard work and \$2 million in losses for each team."

Whether the sports business in the 1980s? "The big challenge will be to keep the lid on ticket prices," says Levine. "Already we're seeing that households making \$15,000 and under can't afford to go to a ball game anymore." A remarkably large number of fans, from 50% to 60% in most markets, haven't attended a game in three years or more.

Curiously, the young adults who will continue to invade the stands in increasing numbers might just as well be watching a cricket match; they are perhaps the least knowledgeable fans ever. "They have little understanding of the nuances of a game," says Levine. "By and large they've been raised in front of a TV set with lots of competition for their interests. They don't get involved in any one sport the way their parents did. They go to a game more for the emotional experience than for giving support."

Fans over 35, the crowd that puts a lot of stock in old-fashioned virtues like loyalty, will be less inclined in the future to make an emotional investment in a team. "The free-agent movement comes at a time when fans are looking for islands of stability in an unstable world," says Levine. "They want to feel, in effect, that they own a piece of the Rock." Thus, when players leave, older fans are just as likely to head for the exits.

The burden of adjustment is on the players. "They are on trial," says Levine. "They are viewed as taking the money and giving nothing back, and it's up to them to prove otherwise. They have to learn to relate with the fans, to communicate that they are giving 100% all the time. They have to understand where all that money is coming from."

While the changes and imponderables that lie ahead in the 1980s will be many, one thing is certain: it won't be business as usual at the corner stadium. ■

Someone old, someone new

Bobby Mattick, the 64-year-old assistant manager of the Toronto Blue Jays, is a second-generation baseball man who has lived his life by his sport's six-month calendar. Compared to the rest of us, who must measure our time in years that are twice as long and, presumably, include about twice as much aggravation, Mattick has aged very little. He is "Bobby," with a full head of hair, a face free of wrinkles and an outlook that is decidedly positive. Fortunately for those around him, he has refused to let his personality be spoiled by bitterness or his perceptions dulled by reminiscence. So at an age when many men are looking for an easy chair, Mattick has found a challenge.

The Blue Jays, who have been in business only since 1977, are certainly that. They were the poorest team in baseball last season, and their three-year record is second only to the Mets as the worst in the history of major league expansion. Nevertheless, this spring Mattick guided Toronto to its first winning exhibition season (10-7), and last week the Blue Jays opened their home schedule by beating the strong Milwaukee Brewers 11-2 and 1-0. Toronto's strategy may be the most unusual in baseball: pairing a team owning little talent with a manager who has even less experience.

Aside from his considerable charm and good humor, Mattick has two other distinctions: not only is he the oldest manager in baseball, suggesting years of testing strategies and manipulating lineups, but he is also the oldest rookie manager ever to start a season, suggesting years of struggling to get to the top. However, neither suggestion is true. Mattick's previous managerial experience consisted of two months as a fill-in at

Toronto's Bobby Mattick is 64, but he is a rookie as a major league manager.

Opden, Utah in the Pioneer League in 1948, his coaching experience came in 1944 and '45 with Birmingham of the Southern Association. Most of Mattick's baseball life has been as a successful seeker and developer of talent. He has worked

in 10 different organizations, scouting or signing such luminaries as Frank Robinson, Curt Flood, Rusty Staub, Don Baylor, Bobby Grich, Gorman Thomas, Darrell Porter and Gary Carter. Mattick also signed Tommy Harper, but he failed to realize the greater potential of Harper's skinny high school teammate, Willie Stargell.

Mattick would have been perfectly happy to remain Toronto's Director of Player Development, a job he had held since 1978. When Blue Jay President Peter Bavasa and Vice-President Pat Gillick decided to hire Manager Roy Harrisfield, effective at the end of last season, Mattick recommended Whitey Herzog as Harrisfield's successor. When Gillick insisted Mattick take the job instead, Mattick twice turned it down. Then, when Mattick finally accepted, he asked if he could perform his duties without wearing a uniform. He cited Connie Mack and Burt Shotton as precedent, but to no avail. Mattick would be the manager he would suit up in the hometown colors, and he would instill some life in a team that had lost 318 games in its three years.

"About the middle of last season we noticed that the spirit of the club had begun to deteriorate," says Bavasa. "The players were discouraged. Their confidence was shattered. We decided it would take a new man to improve the attitude, but we didn't think a successful manager like Whitey Herzog or Danny Ozark would be able to cope with the problems of an expansion club. Instead, we wanted someone who already knew our personnel and could be a teacher and a motivator. As we discussed the qualifications we were looking for, Bobby became the obvious choice. After we talked to him several times, he finally said, 'If



Relaxing after a game, Mattick samples some of the city's product.

continued



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Before announcing Mattick's appointment to the public, the Blue Jays took the precaution of giving their elderly rookie a thorough physical. He passed it with flying colors, which might have been expected of a man whose grandfather had lived to be 89 and whose father, a former player and minor league owner, had lived to be 83. The media introduction finally took place on Oct. 18. Mattick wore a hard hat and stood before an enlarged Blue Jays logo over which was stenciled UNDER CONSTRUCTION. Predictably, the next day's newspapers carried headlines that referred to the "No-name manager" and asked "Who's Mattick?" and "Bobby who?"

In the six months since then, Mattick has answered those questions with grace. This will no doubt come as a surprise to some of Mattick's previous employers, who found him difficult to deal with. "I've been in baseball 46 years, but I've never been in one place long enough to qualify for a pension," Mattick says. "It's my own fault, though I had a chip on my shoulder and I kept moving around."

These days Mattick seems much harder on himself than he is on anyone else. He became so tense during the Jays' season-opening four-game series in Seattle that he apologized to his team for his irascibility. On the ensuing plane ride to Toronto, he joined in as the players played cards and drank a few beers. When Rick Bosetti came into Mattick's office last Thursday after having beaten Milwaukee with a ninth-inning homer, he sought and received permission to be late for the next day's workout. "That's the difference between the two managers right there," Bosetti says. "Harrisfield would have kicked me in the rear."

Mattick has eased relations with the Toronto media, not just by offering reporters bottles of Labatt's (the brewery is part owner of the team) from his postgame stock, but also with his cooperation and good cheer. In Seattle, he told a radio interviewer he had not gone to the pitching mound to make a change because "if I were a fan I wouldn't want to see an old man running out there." In Toronto, he good-naturedly explained the reason for the team's poor play against the Mariners as being the result of "hooee—managing."

If Mattick is enjoying himself, it may be because he has accepted the advice

of Paul Richards, the former Oriole and White Sox manager, who advised him not to lose his sense of humor, while overlooking the amused reaction of Minnesota's Gene Mauch, who said, "You've got to be the dumbest s.o.b. I've ever seen" for making the switch from devk to dugout. Mattick is still waiting to measure the counsel of Baltimore's Earl Weaver: "Don't worry. The fans don't start booing until July."

For Mattick, though, the worst may be over. "My first three days in the dugout in spring training I didn't even know where I was," he says. "I was afraid I'd mess up. It had been years since I'd even given a sign. I worked on it standing in front of a mirror before I even got to Florida, but the more I did it, the clumsier I got."

When Mattick finally gets the signs down, he'll keep busy by ordering up an aggressive attack—steal, hit-and-run, take the extra base, etc.—that he feels could snatch a few extra wins for his young team. He's also helping himself learn the opposition by filling a notebook page after every game. "I can see already that if you have a real good club, this can be a very satisfying job," he says. "If you lose 100, though, it can be frustrating. I'd take 70 wins right now."

That might seem a modest figure, except that the Blue Jays have never won more than 59 games and last year's team had but 53 wins; only three fourth-year expansion teams have ever won as many as 70. For an old scout, then, managing Toronto to 70 victories would be like signing Harper and Stargell.

"This team is still under construction and will be for some time," says Bavasi, continuing the theme of last October. "We're only looking for improvement. Bobby's role is to lay the foundation until the team finally becomes a pennant contender or winner."

Even with good young players like Shortstop Alfredo Griffin and pitchers Dave Stieb and Paul Mirabella, the Blue Jays are still several years away from that. But this time Mattick will be able to observe his youngsters try to get there, which he could never do before. "The problem with scouting was that once you signed a player he was gone and you could never watch him progress," says Mattick. This year he is seeing his players every day, not just the ones on Toronto but others on teams all over the league.

THE WEEK

(April 11-19)
by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST We've just got to start appreciating the little things about this team. Atlanta owner Ted Turner said rather pleadingly Turner was right. After all, the big news about the Braves (1-5) was hardly worthy of appreciation: losses in their first seven games (two short of the league record for a season's start) with 16 errors, only one homer and a batting average of .199 during that span. Rick Matula put an end to the misery when he beat the Reds, who had won their first eight outings, getting 18 ground-ball outs as he won 3-0.

Among the reasons why Cincinnati rooters had plenty to cheer about were three five-runners against Atlanta. Rookie leftfielder Charlie Leibrandt allowed only singles while winning 5-0. Frank Pastore, backed by two-run homers by Dan Driessen and Ray Knight, was a 4-1 victor. And Bill Bonham and Tom Hume combined for a 6-1 triumph.

With Steve Yeager nursing an inflamed left elbow and Joe Ferguson on the disabled list with a back injury, the Dodgers (2-5) put 156-pound Derrel Thomas behind the plate. "I caught three games in the Little League when I was 10," Thomas said after catching for the first time in his nine seasons in the majors in a 9-5 loss at San Diego during which the Padres stole six bases. Two nights later against Houston, Thomas caught again, and the Astros stole seven bases in eight tries. Still, the Dodgers won 6-4 as Ron Cey, who during one stretch had seven straight hits, knocked in four runs. Houston (5-1) didn't steal a base against Thomas the next day, but got 11 hits and made good use of three wild pitches, two passed balls and one L.A. error to win 7-4.

San Diego (3-4) also took advantage of the Dodgers, winning 2-1 by getting two runs in the eighth without a hit. The Padres made the most out of three walks, a wild pitch and a sacrifice fly.

Vida Blue of San Francisco (3-4) was a double winner against San Diego, triumphing 3-1 and then, with venerable Willie McCovey driving in three runs, 7-3.

CINCINNATI 11-19-84
LA3-7SF3-7ATL 5-8

NL EAST The last thing the Pirates (3-2) need is more offense. That, however, was precisely what they got from two pitchers. En route to a 3-0 triumph in St. Louis, Jim Reeker hit a two-run homer. Then Jim Bibby drove in three runs as the Buccs outslugged the Cardinals 12-10.

The Cardinals (3-3) weren't intimidated by

continued

the Pirates George Hendrick homered and had sex RBIs to finish off the Blues 12-9 and told John Fulgham a 2-1 victory in Pittsburgh by singing across the decisive run in the eighth. Hendrick batted .440 for the week and had nine RBIs. As for Fulgham, who had been clobbered the previous week by the Blues, he said the difference was that "I had control of my mind this time" and that Coach Claude Osterne "got me to drive with my front shoulder instead of just swinging the bat."

One pitcher the Cardinals would like to have back is Steve Carlton of the Phillies (2-3), who beat St. Louis 8-3 to raise his record against the Cards to 24-8 since he was traded away in 1972. Philly's Dickie Noles struck out eight and didn't give up a run in 6½ innings in three relief appearances. Noles picked up a save during a 13-4 drubbing of the Expos as the Phillies scored eight times in the last two innings.

For late uprisings, though, no one matched Chicago (2-2), which defeated New York 12-9 after trailing 9-1 in the sixth. Dave Kingman, who already had hit a two-run homer, concluded the rally with the fifth Cub homer of the day, a grand slam in the eighth.

Except for a 5-0 win over Chicago in which Pete Falcone gave up just five singles and a 3-2 triumph over Montreal in which Neil Allen got his third save, the week was bad news for New York (2-3). The Montreal victory was attended by only 2,052 fans, the sparsest gathering ever to watch the Mets at Shea.

Montreal starting pitchers lasted a total of only 24 innings, long enough to be creaked up for 16 earned runs and 33 hits. But the Expos stole 10 bases, benefited from some long-ball hitting and got strong pitching from their bullpen, which in one 19-inning stretch gave up only one single run. Montreal beat the Phillies 5-4 when Ellis Valentine homered in the 10th and 7-5 as Gary Carter had four RBIs. The big gun, though, was Warren Cromartie, who hit .579 and unloaded two homers during a 7-3 triumph in New York.

**PIT 5-3 CHIC 4-3 PHIL 4-3
ST. L. 4-5 MONT 3-4 NY 3-5**

AL WEST "I've always said games are won and lost in the clubhouse," Texas Outfielder Al Oliver said. "Last year everybody just sat around and waited for a miracle. We're a lot looser this year. Guys are cracking at me and I enjoy it." Ranger bats did some cracking, too. Mickey Rivers had 10 hits and Rusty Staub had seven, while Jim Sundberg and Buddy Bell each drove in seven runs. First-place Texas (5-2) rallied for three wins, the most dramatic an 8-7 comebacker against Cleveland. The Indians, who led 7-0 in the fifth, were beaten when Richie Zisk slammed a two-out, three-run homer in the ninth. The Rangers got live-hit shutouts by Jon Matlack, who beat

the Indians 3-0, and Gaylord Perry, who defeated the Red Sox 8-0.

With Bruce Bochte hitting .447 and Dan Meyer .410, and with its staff pitching four complete-game wins, Seattle (5-3) clung to second place. Floyd Bannister went the distance twice, beating Toronto 5-1 and Minnesota 3-1, and had 14 strikeouts.

Although the A's (5-1) have not been able to line up a radio station to broadcast their games, erudite announcer Red Rush has kept coming to the park. What Rush was unable to report was that Wayne Groh had eight RBIs and two homers, that Oakland executed three successful suicide squeeze plays and that the A's pitchers suddenly looked like a bunch of Walter Johnsons as they held opponents to a .190 batting average. Matt Keough, 2-17 last season, was 2-0 after beating Seattle 6-1 on six hits. Also 2-0 was Mike Norris, who had been 5-8 in 1979. After defeating the Twins 4-1 with a three-hit, 11-strikeout performance, Norris four-hit the Angels, gaining a 3-1 victory in which Jeff Jones picked up the final two outs.

With a 4-0 lead after the fifth and Jim Palmer on the mound, the Orioles had good reason to feel confident against the White Sox (4-2). Palmer, however, was shelved. Then, at the 12th inning, Mary Foley tapped Tippy Martinez for a homer that gave Chicago a 5-4 win. That was the first home run yielded by Martinez in 66 games and 123 innings since May 1978. Picking up the victory was Ed Farmer, who earlier had earned two saves.

California pitchers, who last season set a club record with a dismal 4.34 earned-run average, currently have a 2.54 ERA. Helping the Angels (3-3) effect this turnaround were Dave Frost, who held the Twins to four hits in a 2-1, 10-inning California victory, and Frank Tanana, a 3-1 winner over Minnesota. First won when Don Baylor foiled Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch's strategy of yanking his centerfielder and inserting a fifth infielder with two runners on and one out in the 10th. After Baylor ended the game with a sacrifice fly, Mauch said his maneuver had failed because "we didn't have infielders 22 feet tall." The Twins (2-6) had other shortcomings, not the least of which was their .210 average for the week.

While Mauch's Askins may not be hitting with the power the Royals (2-4) expected of him when they traded for him last December, but at least he did end an 0-for-13 slump with a two-run single in a 3-2 defeat of Detroit.

**TEX 7-2 SEA 7-4 CHIC 6-3 OAK 6-3
CAL 4-4 KC 4-5 MINN 4-7**

AL EAST Tony Perez of Boston (4-2) denied it, but his teammates maintained that in the dugout he admitted that as he had barreled toward home plate he had yelled "corra," Spanish for "cut," at Detroit Pitcher Aurelio Lopez. Whatever

the reason, Lopez, who should have been behind the plate to back up the play, remained in the infield and cut off a throw from the outfield on Carl Yastrzemski's double. Thus, Perez scored the run that made the Red Sox 10-9 winners. Perez, who ran through Third Base Coach Eddie Yost's stop sign on the cut-off play, had four hits that day, one his first Fenway Park homer since his historic blast for Cincinnati in the seventh game of the 1975 World Series. Another hero of that Series, Carlton Fisk, homered in the 11th the next day to knock off Detroit 5-4. With such intently hitting, it mattered little that the phone to the Boston bullpen was out of order or that

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

J.R. RICHARD: Houston's 6' 8", 215-pound right-hander ran his record to 2-0 and defeated Los Angeles for the 13th time in a row dating back to June 1976 by bring a one-hitter and striking out 12 batters in a 2-0 win

the last that brings in relievers had been left at the team spring training camp.

Unlike Perez, Charlie Moore of Milwaukee (2-1) wasn't an alert base runner during a 3-1 loss to Boston. With runners on first and second, Moore failed a bunt and swung away, his grounder resulting at a forecourt at second base. After racing to first, though, Moore, in a mental lapse, drifted to the Brewer dugout. At the urging of his teammates, he dashed back toward the field and slid into the bag. He beat the throw, but was ruled out for "obscuring his effort to run the bases."

Rick Bosetti's ninth-inning home run and the pitching of Paul Mirabella gave Toronto (2-2) a 1-0 win over Milwaukee. Even though he didn't get to spring training, Danny Ainge, a guard on Brigham Young's basketball team, had two singles and a double in his first game after reporting to the Blue Jays.

The Yankees (3-4) pounded out 25 hits while weeping a 9-4, 8-2 doubleheader in Texas. As usual, Tommy John kept his infielders busy during a two-hit, 6-0 whitewash in Chicago, getting 20 outs on grounders.

Ten homers, three by Ken Singleton, powered Baltimore (4-2). One of Singleton's drives helped Mike Eruzione beat KC 2-1.

A crowd of 61,753 at the home opener in Cleveland (1-4) felt there was hope for the future after rookie Outfielder Joe Charbonneau singled, doubled and slugged a lengthy intruders homer in an 8-1 drubbing of Toronto.

Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson, who has become a pipe smoker, hurried a hole in his pants when he dropped a match. The only time his Tigers (1-5) were on fire, though, was when Steve Kemp hit a double and two homers to hand the Royals an 8-6 loss.

**ML 4-3 BAL 5-4 BOS 4-4 TOR 3-4
NY 3-6 CLE 2-5 DET 2-7**

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Man here feeling the draft

Sifting stars—and tea leaves—Intrepid Dr. Z predicts where the blue chips will fall in the NFL's name game next week

In the NFL draft in New York next week the Redskins have a No. 1 pick and the Cowboys don't. The Jets will have four selections out of the first 47. The fate of Billy Sims, the top choice in the nation, is in the hands of a Houston dentist, and San Francisco 49er Coach Bill Walsh, renowned as a melder of quarterbacks, might have to pass up the finest collegiate signal-caller since Bert Jones.

It's an iffy kind of draft. Trades, especially for San Francisco's choice, the second on the board, could throw every-

thing out of whack. The top two linemen, Anthony Munoz of USC and Bruce Clark of Penn State, are coming off knee surgery. Insiders claim more clubs will draft "for need" this year. Still, the Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers say they'll take the best available athlete—surprise! But somehow no one ever drafts that Soviet decathlon man.

You could get into arguments about the quality available. Browns Director of Player Personnel Tommy Prothro sees this year's draft as "a great one, better than last year's. It has depth." Other club officials are more guarded. "Once you get past the big stars, you'll see a lot of jumping around," says Dallas Vice-President for Personnel Development Gil Brandt.

Everyone concedes that the strongest position is cornerback, with at least six players worthy of going in the first round. Clark is the premier defensive lineman, but after that it's a scramble. For the first time in recent memory, three centers could go early. It's a bad year for linebackers, a good one for running backs. There's talent along the offensive line but no great depth. And no quarterback can be mentioned in the same breath with Brigham Young's Marc Wilson.

On talent, there's no question that the top choice in the draft, which belongs to the Detroit Lions, is Sims, the Oklahoma running back. The only knock on him is that he'll be 25 before he plays a down in the NFL.

"That could be a help, in terms of maturity," Lion Coach Monte Clark says. "The extra years don't matter, because they don't represent NFL wear and tear. The problem is signing him."

Enter Jerry Argovitz, 41, who has given up his Houston dental practice and become the newest star in the agents' league. Argovitz is Sims' agent, and so far his talks with Detroit General Manager Russ Thomas have been "totally unproductive," according to Thomas. "He's not realistic in his demands. I don't think he knows how NFL contracts are structured. I'd much prefer dealing with an experienced person."

For nine years Argovitz filled teeth for a living. In 1973 he stopped doing that

ZIM GOES OUT ON A LIMB

Sims and Wilson are the keys that will unlock the picks as the pros' annual talent hunt begins in New York

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. DETROIT* | Billy Sims, HB, Oklahoma |
| 2. SAN FRANCISCO* | Marc Wilson, QB, Brigham Young |
| 3. CINCINNATI | Anthony Munoz, T, USC |
| 4. GREEN BAY | Bruce Clark, DT, Penn State |
| 5. BALTIMORE | Curtis Dickey, HB-WR, Texas A&M |
| 6. ST. LOUIS | Junior Miller, TE, Nebraska |
| 7. ATLANTA | Mark Hayes, CB, Colorado |
| 8. GIANTS | Johnny (Lam) Jones, WR, Texas |
| 9. MINNESOTA | Roland James, CB, Tennessee |
| 10. BUFFALO | Jim Ritcher, C, North Carolina State |
| 11. KANSAS CITY | Brad Budde, G, USC |
| 12. NEW ORLEANS | Royzell Young, CB, Alcorn State |
| 13. NY JETS | Vagas Ferguson, HB, Notre Dame |
| 14. NEW ENGLAND | Jacob Green, DE, Texas A&M |
| 15. CLEVELAND | Curtis Greer, DE, Michigan |
| 16. OAKLAND | Charles White, HB, USC |
| 17. SEATTLE | Jim Stuckey, DE, Clemson |
| 18. WASHINGTON | Matt Miller, DT, Penn State |
| 19. CHICAGO | Otis Wilson, LB, Louisville |
| 20. NY JETS | Earl Cooper, HB, Rice |
| (from Denver) | |
| 21. MIAMI | Stan Brock, T, Colorado |
| 22. TAMPA BAY | Ari Monk, WR, Syracuse |
| 23. PHILADELPHIA | Ray Snell, G, Wisconsin |
| 24. BALTIMORE | Ralph Clayton, WR, Michigan |
| (from Dallas) | |
| 25. NEW ENGLAND | Irv Pankey, T, Penn State |
| (from Houston) | |
| 26. GREEN BAY | Doug Marsh, TE, Michigan |
| (from San Diego) | |
| 27. LOS ANGELES | Johnnie Johnson, S-CB, Texas |
| 28. PITTSBURGH | Doug Martin, DE, Washington |

*Strong possibility they'll trade the choice



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and began handling doctors' and dentists' investments. He then became the financial adviser to a number of Oiler players.

Sims' original agent was L.A.'s boy wonder, Mike Trope. But a few months ago, when the particulars of the contract

Trope had negotiated with Houston for Earl Campbell began to surface, Sims started having second thoughts. Campbell's \$14 million, six-year package with the Oilers turned out to be mostly air. The bulk of it was deferred 40 years down the line, so he paid off in five-cent dollars, figuring on inflation. Trope had taken his cut from the original bundle. Campbell hired another agent and very quietly and smoothly upgraded his contract, reportedly for \$3 million over six years, with no 40-year deferrals.

Sims switched to Argovitz, whose first proposal looked like this: A \$1.5 million signing bonus, deferred 20 years, with \$500,000 to be loaned to Sims over 10 years, the loan being a common device to beat the tax hit. The \$1.5 million figure is negotiable, Argovitz says. The guaranteed three-year contract would call for salaries of \$120,000, \$150,000 and \$240,000. At the start of the third year the club would have an option to extend Sims' contract through a fourth, fifth and sixth year—at \$500,000 per. Otherwise they could release him, but he would get paid for the third year. And there's something Argovitz calls the Sims Clause.

"This is just to let you know what kind of kid he is," Argovitz says. "He says he wants a large amount of his extra-performance bonus money put aside to be paid to his offensive linemen and blocking backs and let the coaches decide how to split it up. It could run upwards of \$50,000 a year."

Argovitz says Thomas wasn't receptive to his package. Imagine. He says the Lions offered a \$300,000 signing bonus, deferred over a 10-year period, and a three-year contract at \$100,000 per, with a one-year option season at \$110,000. Thomas says those figures are incorrect and adds that Argovitz "never showed me a proposal such as the one he described."

"I'll tell you," Argovitz says, "this is tougher than pulling teeth."

Monte Clark, who's trying to build a football team from the ashes of a 2-14 season, says he has no interest in trading his No. 1 pick, "unless someone comes up with a fabulous offer, and so far I haven't heard anything serious." So pencil in

Sims for Detroit. Now it gets tough. San Francisco is seriously thinking of trading its pick, which everybody assumes would mean the brilliant 6' 5" Wilson. But Walsh needs numbers, not one superstar. He has only eight draft choices this year. He needs more, lots more. So far no one's offering enough. Buffalo is interested in swapping picks—to draft not Wilson but Junior Miller, the Nebraska tight end. And would Buffalo be interested in throwing in its second-round selection, the first of the round? No, the Bills would not.

"We'll have to wait until the very last moment to see what we'll do," Walsh says. "So far we've had about four solid offers, but we feel that the closer to the actual choice we come, the better the offers are going to be."

But Walsh could wind up taking Wilson himself. Look at it this way: he has a reputation as the No. 1 developer of young quarterbacks, right? Well, how would it look if he lets Wilson go and the kid becomes an all-star? The 49ers had the No. 3 pass offense in the NFL last year behind Steve DeBerg—a tribute to both DeBerg and his coach. And Joe Montana is still a prospect, but quarterback is the one position where it makes sense to stockpile. It's a gamble, but when you're coming off 2-14, that's what you have to consider. So let's make Wilson the No. 2 choice in the draft.

Next up, Cincinnati. Everyone concedes that Munoz is the best offensive lineman. In games he's been good, but not great. It's on the practice field that the scouts' eyes have popped. "He's 6' 5 1/4" and 285 pounds, and he just obliterated people," one of them says. "He's got fantastic feet. Put him in the right pro offense and he'll be a star for 10 years."

If his knees hold up. He has had three operations. The Bengals may be a little leery about that. Some people say they're smoke-screening, as they did last year with Tight End Kellen Winslow, and they'll really go for Brad Bodde, the USC guard. Or Lam Jones, the Texas flanker. O.K., we're naive. We'll believe the Bengals and give them Munoz.

Clark, the No. 1 defensive tackle, goes to the Packers as the prospective middle guard in their upcoming 3-4 defense. He's another postoperative knee case, but the Penn State doctor has pronounced him completely fit, and Clark says the injury wasn't that bad.

The Colts, picking fifth, like Texas

continued



Sims works out on a gym machine at O.U.



Ex-drafts Argovitz practices potting the hole on Detroit



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A&M sprinter Curtis Dickey either as a halfback or a wide receiver. They need help for Bert Jones. And 15 seconds after the Colts announce their pick, St. Louis will grab Junior Miller. Atlanta is desperate for a cornerback. The choice will be between Washington's Mark Haynes and Tennessee's Roland James. The two are an eyelash apart, and Haynes wins. The Giants also need a cornerback, and James would do nicely. But Coach Ray Perkins says, "You mean you wouldn't take the No. 1 wide receiver in the country?" And so Johnny (Lam) Jones is on his way to New Jersey.

Having traded away Running Back Chuck Foreman and Steve Riley, a tackle, the Vikings might go for a runner or Budde. On the other hand, their secondary is ancient, so let's give them James as a cornerback. If the Bills don't upgrade their pick to get Miller, they'll go for a center, and there N.C. State's Jim Richter is the class.

The Chiefs will be looking at the second-best wide receiver (Art Monk of Syracuse) and two quality offensive linemen, Budde and Colorado's Stan Brock. Their sense of history is too great to let Budde slip by, and they'll immediately make plans for a Father & Son Day featuring Brad and his dad, Ed, an alltime K.C. guard.

The Saints will go for Alcorn State Cornerback Raynell Young, whom most scouts rate as a great one-on-one cover man. The Jets liked Notre Dame's Vagas Ferguson as the No. 2 running back after Sims in the draft all along, and they'll grab him. New England takes the first of the remaining mob of defensive linemen, Jacob Green, an undersized (6' 2 1/2", 235 pounds) end from Texas A&M but a fierce pass rusher.

We're now on the downhill side of Round 1. Cleveland will use its No. 15 pick for Michigan's Curtis Greer, rated among the top four defensive linemen by practically all the scouts. Next up, the Raiders, with a desperate need for a linebacker. But there's a USC running back out there in the weeds (Al Davis loves those Trojans), the Heisman winner, Charley White. Remember him? The Raiders do. They'll nail him.

Seattle takes Clemson Defensive End Jim Stuckey, and Washington comes up with a sleeper—Matt Milken, the defensive tackle from Penn State. He's only 6' 1" and he's got a bad back, but he's the Redskins type all the way. An ab-



Wilson and son. Goodbye BYU, hello 49ers!

solutely ferocious competitor.

The Bears can't believe no linebacker has been taken, so they grab Ode Wilson from Louisville, and with their second first-round pick the Jets, who really wanted a pass rusher, go for another back—a big one this time, Earl Cooper from Rice.

Miami's Don Shula is looking for a cornerback or a center, but he's surprised that Stan Brock, the Colorado tackle, is still there, and he takes him. USC's linebackers tempt Tampa Bay's John McKay, but the Bucs need receivers, and Syracuse's Monk is a player.

The Eagles, oy, do they have problems. No backup quarterback, a 35-year-old cornerback, a 36-year-old guard. Which to solve? Going strictly by quality, they'll select the Wisconsin guard, Ray Snell. Baltimore will spend its second pick of the day for still more receiving help, Ralph Clayton of Michigan. New England's second shot will bring in Penn State Tackle Irv Pankey. Late scouting reports on Michigan Tight End Doug Marsh have upgraded his numbers to read 6' 2 3/4", 238 and a 4.61 40, so he'll be Green Bay's second first-round pick.

The Rams would like fortu-

lication for that injured mob of defensive backs, but Jackson State Running Back Perry Harrington is a more logical choice now that Lawrence McCutcheon has been traded to Denver and John Capelletto to San Diego.

Finally the Steelers. The guess is that somehow they'll trade for a higher pick, but if they don't, they'll note the age along their defensive line and choose Doug Martin of Washington.

The big explosion could come if the Steelers manage to trade for the 49ers' pick and wind up with Wilson. That would tell you two things: that they're seriously considering Terry Bradshaw's retirement a year or two down the road, and that they're making no plans to relinquish the stranglehold they've held on the NFL since the mid-'70s. Thus are dynasties preserved.

END



Big boys from Troy: USC linemen Budde (left) and Minors

She chose the road to adventure

Young Joetta Clark forsook a bright dance career to become a top half-miler



At the Rutgers Relays, Clark won the 800

It was a sharp blow, one likely to damage the fragile psyche of a high school girl. When it came, Joetta Clark, a 17-year-old from South Orange, N.J., was doing an easy jog around Madison Square Garden's banked wooden track, warming down from her 800-meter victory over Jan Merrill and Madeline Manning, her onetime idols, in January's Olympic Invitational meet. Sprinter Mike Roberson stepped onto the track and stopped her. "Jo, did you hear?" he said. "You've been disqualified."

"Stop joking," said Clark, but then two other runners came over and confirmed Roberson's report. Clark had been convicted of straying in front of Merrill in the homestretch—"impeding her progress," the judges said. "I was upset," says Clark. "I was the defending champion, and we were on national TV. But I didn't really show it or anything. That never does any good."

Not showing it when it hurts is typical of Clark. "Joetta's a remarkable young lady," says Manning, a three-time Olympian, who won a gold medal in the 800 at Mexico City and in 1972 set a world record of 2:02 in the 880. "She's far too mature for a high school girl, not silly and giggly like most, and she's a genuinely nice person. She can handle whatever's thrown at her."

It's been that way for a while. At age 11, after four years of classes at a dance studio in nearby Newark, Clark and her friend Natalie Butler auditioned for, and were accepted by the Alvin Ailey American Dance Center in Manhattan. "We don't usually accept them that young," says Robert Christopher, their ballet instructor. "Those two were very serious—hard workers, exceptionally well-mannered and mature. They were graceful enough not to stick out like little girls among adults."

Every Saturday morning for four years the girls commuted to 45th Street and Broadway in Manhattan to take six hours of classes in ballet, modern and modern-jazz dance from Christopher and Ailey himself. "At the time, the most exciting thing was getting to ride the subways by ourselves," Clark says. "That was a

thrill, though to this day I can't tell you how to get to the Dance Center when you get above ground." In her classes she made rapid progress. "I performed at Symphony Hall in Newark," she says, "and I had gotten on toe in ballet. But then Natalie and I got too far advanced and had to start coming to the Center on weekdays. That's when the dancing began to interfere with my track. That's when I stopped."

It takes more than self-confidence and inner direction to toss away a promising dance career, not to mention the opportunity to work with an Alvin Ailey Clark, however, has never been indecisive. As a freshman at Columbia High in Maplewood, N.J., she was also an aspiring pianist, in her seventh year of lessons ("Bach, Chopin, all that"), but she decided to play only for her own enjoyment. She is on the honor roll at Columbia, and she scored in the 92nd percentile on her SATs. In track she is off the charts.

"Joetta was an outstanding prospect by the time she arrived here," says Len Klepack, her coach at Columbia. "She had done a 5:09 mile and 2:21 half in eighth grade, and she could sprint." Clark's father, Joe, an elementary school principal, had started her running when she was nine. In her very first race, a Newark Parks Commission 60-yard dash, she won easily. "My sprint career didn't last too long, though," she says. "I could do a 12.1 hundred when I was 12, but that wasn't good enough to ensure that I'd win all the time. By moving up to the half and the mile, I could win all the time. That's what I wanted."

So, as a freshman, with track offering more exhilaration, Clark left ballet behind. "Natalie's in the advanced dance company now, and I'd probably be with her if I hadn't stopped," Clark says matter-of-factly. "It was my own choice. What Natalie does is more of a group thing, while I like the independence of running. Ballet is like a cage—you're held tightly within it. I want to seek adventure."

The talk of adventure implies a daring that is not readily apparent in Joetta

continued



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Clark. Her face is long and serious, her eyes tranquil. She speaks with a confidence that falls far short of bravado and a restraint that occasionally frustrates, as when she starts an anecdote—a funny thing that happened on the way to somewhere—then comes up too shy, hesitant to pull the trigger. It's as though she doesn't want to cause a stir.

Her physical maturity speaks for itself. There is a straightness of spine and elegance of stride that reflects her dance training. At 5'8" and 120 pounds, she might otherwise be all elbows and knees, just another rawboned teenager.

In her first two years at Columbia, a middle-class public school known for academic rather than athletic excellence, Clark won the state 800 title, ran on a sprint medley relay team that set a national girls' prep record (4:08.5), was on three other relay teams that established state records and helped Columbia win two unofficial state championships. She even tried high jumping and cleared 5'6". She has suffered only three defeats in her high school career—all at distances other than the 800 or 880, one of them following her only serious injury, a spike wound in her left thigh three years ago that required 11 stitches.

Clark entered big-time athletics two years ago, finishing third in the 880 in the 1978 Philadelphia Track Classic. Several weeks later, she was third again in the Millrose Games 880. "I'd been to the Garden every year since I was little to watch the Millrose, and I knew all the runners, men as well as women," she says. "When I actually got to run with those people, I nearly forgot to warm up." Clark wasn't too awed to miss the lessons in the rough and tumble of life on the boards that were taught in those early meets. "I did a lot of stupid things," she says. "I let myself get boxed in and cut off. I ended up getting pushed around. I learned."

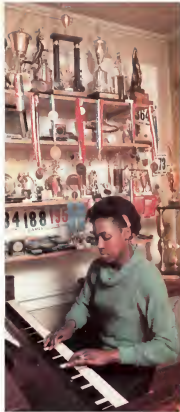
By last year Clark was coming of age outdoors as well. Her time in the 800, which had dropped from 2:11 as a freshman to 2:05.6 as a sophomore, fell to 2:03.6, and she won the 800 at the USOC Sports Festival in Colorado Springs. She had also placed third in the 880 in the AAU Indoor Championships, and her fifth in the AAU outdoor meet qualified her for the 36-member U.S. national team that competed in France in June. At that meet, she ran in the fastest leg

(2:04.1) on the 4 x 800 relay team that set an American record (8:19.9). Outdoors this season Clark has already set a state record of 55.25 in the 440 and has helped set a national and another state record in the past two weeks. On April 5 her 2:13 880 leg in a sprint medley race was crucial to Columbia's national record of 4:05 for the event; last Thursday she ran a 2:09.5 half-mile leg as Columbia set a state record (9:22.0) in the two-mile relay.

Last fall, Clark decided to try road running and placed 15th among 250 entrants in a 6.6-mile race in New Jersey, winning both the women's and the girls' under-18 divisions in 39:23. Encouraged by that triumphant effort, she has continued to do distance work—40 to 50 miles a week—in order to build her endurance. "I have been working with two goals in mind," she says. "One is to go under two minutes in the 800 and break the world junior record of 1:59.7. If I do that, I'll also break [Mary] Decker's high school record [2:02.3]. The other goal, of course, was the Olympics."

Ironically, her parents, Joe and Jetta, whose names are the source of Joetta's, who encouraged her to try ballet, piano and track and taught her morals and manners and values—the "strong family" behind her early maturity—are now divorced. Joetta lets this information slip out and then tries to pull it back. Taught always to assume the proper stance, here she finds none. She and her 15-year-old brother, J.J., also a talented runner, spend time with each parent but officially live with their father in South Orange; otherwise, because Jetta Clark lives in Newark, they would have to leave Columbia High. And high school kids are high school kids when it comes to leaving their friends.

But that will come soon. Colleges have already come knocking, more than 100 so far. Recruiting letters litter the floor of Clark's bedroom, and she has taken to unplugging her extension phone so she can do homework and sleep without being disturbed by calls from coaches. "The ones on the West Coast are the worst," she says. "They call at nine their time and forget that it's midnight here. I'm usually in bed at 9:30." Whatever school she decides on will have to have a strong English program; her aim is to be a sportswriter. "I also want a coach who can handle an athlete of my caliber," she says.



Dancing is done, but the piano is still fun

"A lot of them, even ones who happened to have Olympic athletes, don't really know what they're doing."

Both Joetta and her coach had better be on their toes: Soviet and Eastern European women dominate the 800; in 1979, nine of them were under Manning's American record, set in 1976, of 1:57.9. In addition, while Clark is mature among her peers, she is but a babe in this group. The average age of last year's 10 best 800-meter women runners was nearly 28.

Still, no one expects it to take a decade for Joetta Clark to be near the top of the world class.

END

26 TEAMS IN



13 DAYS

It was possible? The author determined he could make it to 13 major league stadiums on successive days, see every club in action once. So off he flew to realize his dream

BY DANIEL OKRENT



CONTINUED



In a warm night last June—the night I realized it was possible—I was sitting on one of the old Briggs Stadium seats bolted to my backyard patio. The voice of Ernie Harwell scratched in the night, traveling with the aid of 50,000 watts from Detroit, across Ontario and New York and into our western Massachusetts hills. My dog Willie, named for Mays, was curled at my feet. Spread before me were the American and National League schedules, anchored against the breeze by the weight of *The Baseball Encyclopedia* on one side and a genuine Seattle Pilots ashtray on the other. As usual, my wife took little notice of the Washington Senators cap I was wearing—until I threw it into the air with a whoop of triumph.

This is what was possible: I could, in 13 days, travel to 13 different ball parks, watch 13 games, see all 26 major league teams in action and see no team twice. I could, with the aid of a good travel agent, a light suitcase and my wife's characteristic tolerance, enter baseball heaven. I could go looking, without distraction, for the game itself and for others who love it as I do.

The key to the trip was "my discovery" of a rained-out Texas Rangers home game against Seattle on the second Monday in September. Later I learned I had misread the schedule: it had always been there, but this didn't lessen my delight. Now I could do it. I wouldn't make it to either of the domed stadiums, but the silver bodies of 18 different planes would provide me claustrophobia enough. Nor would I see a game in New York, but I had lived in that city for nearly 10 years and knew I would miss neither the expense-account high rollers in Yankee Stadium's boxes nor the brawling punks in its cheap seats. As for Shea Stadium, it's a fine place for baseball if you carry 1) earplugs to obliterate the whine of jets flying in and out of LaGuardia, and 2) a blindfold to obscure from view the charmless excuse for a ball club that plays there. I would, instead, begin in Cincinnati, where money had first been paid to baseball play-



The woolly tiges and sounds of Shea Stadium were reason to pass it by

ers 110 years earlier, and end in Chavez Ravine, where Walter O'Malley all but made the stuff grow on the palm trees outside his gates. My route would follow a path unfettered by any logic: from Cincinnati to Chicago to Detroit; then to Boston and Arlington and Kansas City; Chicago again, on to Milwaukee, Montreal, Pittsburgh and Toronto; a long flight to San Diego; and, finally, up the Coast to L.A. Along the way, I would get by on an umpire's per diem of \$72, eat my main meal each day in the park and risk the threat of rainout.

I should have realized an umpire's per diem wouldn't suffice. I did know that a dinner of Fenway Franks, on my fourth day out, would place my digestive system in grave peril. But I never, not for a moment, gave any thought to a hurricane.

Inventory: comfortable shoes, drip-dry slacks, sport coat, plastic rain slicker. Three changes of shirts, socks and underclothes. Razor, shaving cream, toothbrush, deodorant, shampoo. Who's Who in Baseball, 1979 edition. A stack of

large, heavy-duty scorecards set up for pitch-by-pitch scoring. Blue pen for basic scoring, red pen to highlight noteworthy plays. Plane tickets, game tickets, notebook, traveler's checks. Dramamine, aspirin, bicarbonate of soda.

On the September morning that I set off for Cincinnati, Baltimore has a 9½-game lead in the American League East. California holds a bare edge over Kansas City and Minnesota in the American League West. Houston and Pittsburgh protect tiny margins in the National League over Cincinnati and Montreal. The Red Sox, who in June had appeared likely to be the hosts for one of the two games between contenders that I planned to see—a Sunday encounter with the Orioles—have become a joke; the Phillies and the Cubs, the opponents in my other prospective big game, are now positively hilarious. But tonight, in Riverfront Stadium, Tom Seaver will be pitching. That'll be something, even though the opposition will be the inept Giants.

Sights of Cincinnati, an airport gift shop jammed with Reds regalia—posters, pennants, caps, jackets and key chains. An empty plot of land, only partially redeveloped, where Crosley Field once stood. Billboards on the freeway announcing, THIS IS REDS COUNTRY! A club-owned souvenir store in a handsome office tower in the heart of downtown. And, on the banks of the Ohio, Riverfront Stadium itself, which sits, says the Reds' media guide, "in the middle of a large parking garage."

That is no accident, because Riverfront is a park designed for getting to and for leaving, not for watching in.



The Diamonds would be right at home in plastic, programmed Riverfront



Wrigley Field is cheerful, casual, vociferous anachronistic—fun

My sister and her family live in Cincinnati, and her 8-year-old son, Joel, goes with me tonight. It is his first major league game. Joel carries his fielder's glove with him—it's a lot spiffier than the Elmer Valo pancake I took to my first game, but bringing it is no less futile (nor any less appropriate)—and joins me in a climb up to seats otherwise attainable only by a giant George Foster parabola. Seaver's image is larger on my 12-inch Sony.

The crowd—20,935—is well-behaved, good-natured, polite, and begins to leave the park in the sixth inning with the Reds on their way to a 12–3 rout. Before the game, hundreds stop by a six-foot-high greeting card to in-

scribe 80th-birthday good wishes to Waite Hoyt, who was a broadcaster here for many years. The national anthem isn't interrupted until the last note. The ushers, at least those in charge of these seats, are kind-faced men in their 60s, clad in bright red pants, checkered vests and plastic bouters. The program for tonight's game even tells fans what kind of banners and signs they can bring and where they are best hung—which might explain why there isn't a single banner visible. Cincinnati's proponents would serve baseball better if, instead, they would figure a way to ban the Giants' Day-Glo uniforms. Or stop boasting that Riverfront is "the first stadium of its kind to feature Astro-Turf on nearly all the baseball diamond."

This is supposed to be a family ball park. Only fine sausages, a superb selection of local, German-style beers and an excellent baseball team save one from the suspicion that the only

continued



In Detroit the Weiss adopts a family to estimate how well into the park

family that could really feel at home here is the Osmonds.

On to Wrigley Field in Chicago—quickly. Partisanship in the stadium that features Doublemint gum in the concession stands is ferocious. At Wrigley Field, the only thing that matches the intensity of the crowd's devotion to the Cubs is its loyalty to a brand of beer: the vendors selling the local favorite cry, "Old Style! Old Style!" while those burdened with Schlitz merely shout, "Beer!" No one is fooled.

It is Friday afternoon, the morning's blue skies have disappeared behind a heavy layer of gray, the Cubs are 11 games back, and 10,359 people have found their way to the intersection of Clark and Addison to watch them play the Phils. These are people who can get away in the afternoon, or who have nothing to get away from. Ushers from the Andy Train service, less than resplendent in ill-fitting, 1940s-movie-palace uniforms, know customers by name; so do vendors, many of them unshaven, many of them ancient, all of them blessed with an individual style of peanut throwing, hot-dog bawling—"Red hot!" is the local shout, accompanied by a rhythmic clapping of the bun warmer's lid. One vendor, in a stylized operatic tenor, holds the last note of souven-eers for a good 10 seconds as he struts the aisles in exaggerated cadence.

Jerome Holtzman, who has spent 22 summers covering both Chicago teams for the *Sun-Times* and who has witnessed but one Chicago pennant in that period, says that Wrigley, like Riverfront, draws a "family crowd." He must mean this in baseball's euphemistic sense. "Family crowd" means "well-behaved." The family, as most of us know it, is not evident today. Instead, here are solitary men in their 40s or 50s, pairs of women in their 60s (Friday is always Ladies' Day in "the Friendly Confines"), ten-

agers either out of school or out of work. In the leftfield stands, the Bleacher Bums shiver in the late-afternoon gloom until Barry Foote's double in the bottom of the ninth warms them with a 4-3 Chicago victory.

As I leave the park, I realize that, despite the glorious anachronism of day baseball—so challenged by the nuisance of jobs, school, responsibilities—and despite the lack of parking and despite the tired old neighborhood in which Wrigley sits, Cub baseball does have a family appeal. Before the game, a young man on Waveland Avenue, waiting with glove poised for a batting-practice home-run ball—I could get him the same ball for four bucks at Sportmart, I want to tell him—chatted with an ancient, courtly gentleman named John Carmichael, who for nearly four decades covered baseball in Chicago for the *Daily News*. A ticket taker engaged in badinage with some loiterers, who would—both sides knew it—sneak in as soon

as his back was turned. A matronly woman in a concession line reminded me to take enough napkins along with my kiel-basa. And each of these exchanges will happen tomorrow, as they happened yesterday, and many of the 10,359 in today's crowd will make up the 9,000 next Monday or the 11,000 next Wednesday. The Cubs' management doesn't push a "family line," because it would be redundant: these people are their own family.

Outside, after the game, hawkers sell I BELIEVE—1979 WORLD SERIES T shirts, and even though it's September and the Cubs are 10½ games back, business isn't bad. That's be-

continued



Consistency linking Boston and Arlington, Texas: Ramada Inns and freeways

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cause the crowd does believe, just as a family believes that its eldest son will someday be President. The odds are about the same, too.

I had had nine weeks to get ready for my flight to Cincinnati, but only 13 hours between the last out at Riverfront and the first pitch at Wrigley. Night game in Detroit tomorrow, so that's easy. But that's followed by a day game in Boston, and then a flight to Arlington, Texas.

Why do the people I talk to on airplanes keep moving the subject to football or basketball or auto racing? Do they really think it's all the same?

Professional baseball has been played in Detroit at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Trumbull Street since 1901. The arena was first called Bennett Park, then Navin Field, then Briggs Stadium. Shortly after Walter O. (Spike) Briggs—has there ever been a better name for a club owner?—relinquished control of the team in 1956, the park took on a blander name, Tiger Stadium. The green vastness of the place hasn't changed much since my baseball boyhood here, but new, molded blue and orange plastic seats have replaced the weathered green wooden ones that were around during the eras of Cobb and Crawford, Greenberg and Gehrigner, Newhouser and Kaline and Lelich and McLain. (How old is Denny McLain today, we Tiger fans ask? Thirty-six, the same age as Ferguson Jenkins.) Plastic seats make economic sense, and they're certainly more comfortable than their splintery predecessors, but couldn't someone have found some dark green plastic?

Tiger Stadium is situated in the remnants of an Irish neighborhood that became largely Mexican, then black, then an industrial park. There are view-obstructing columns in the stands, the knockwurst is dreadful, the popcorn leath-

ery, and traffic before and after the game is as slow, as jerky and as frustrating as Luis Tiant's windup. And a lot less charming.

But this is my home. My childhood friend and stoopball adversary, Larry Detch, is with me tonight. So is my father. I don't know whether his sober Calvinism or simple inertia is the cause, but my father hasn't been to a ball game in 25 years. Maybe the answer can be found in his sense of ritual, because his last time at the park was my first: he passed the torch to me and stepped aside, in a game he today insists was Al Kaline's first. I only remember a Walt Dropo home run. This evening is an event for my father, and not only because of the quarter-century hiatus. Tonight this man, who was an usher here in his youth, who was present when Tris Speaker would poach from center to steal hits from Fatty Fothergill, who earned my adoration when I learned he had, as a young lawyer in the early '40s, represented Bobo Newsom in his divorce suit, will see a night baseball game for the first time.

Yet, the three of us discover that this evening is like a hundred afternoons before it. There are 30,000 people here to see a fourth-place team face a fifth-place team, but the fourth-place team is New York, the fifth-place team Detroit. It is as if my father had never left baseball; the Yankees, behind Ron Gunder—*it could be Herb Pennock or Lefty Gomez or Whitney Ford—take a quick 4-0 lead. The "pesky Bengals," as Larry and I used to call them in our dayish imitations and, later, snide parodies of broadcaster Van Patrick, scrabble back and trail by only one. Rich Gossage (Joe Page? Ryne Duren?) is pitching now, bottom of the ninth, one-run lead, one man on, two outs. To the plate, in his first major league at bat, steps Kirk Gibson, the most celebrated Detroit prospect since Kaline. Gibson gets a standing ovation from the 30,000 screaming loyalists who hope to be able to claim they were present at the creation. The count is one and two, Steve Kemp extends his lead off first, Gossage checks the sign, and...*

Baseball in Detroit has not changed. Mighty Gibson has struck out. Yanks win again.

Nonetheless, the big, boisterous crowd is delighted, because we've witnessed a marvelous game. Who cares about the standings? Does it matter that it'll take an hour to clear the traffic after the game, that there's no place good to eat nearby, that the Tigers will finish fifth yet again?

No, it doesn't. The well-worn phrase, "Detroit's a good baseball town," has always seemed to me a touch condescending, a way of saying in code that it's old, it's tired, it's blue-collar. But tonight in Detroit it is as if baseball were meant to be played nowhere else.

Sunday morning, up at six and off to the airport to make it to Boston for the Red Sox Orioles and Carl Yastrzemski's prolonged pursuit of his 3,000th hit. Facts only:

1. The number of modern minstrels who have yodelled the praises of Fenway Park is equalled



The rest rooms are euphemized in R.C., indiscreet in Conisley Park



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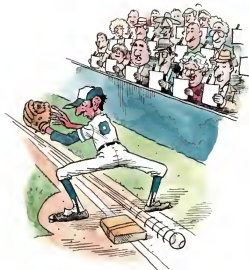
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Scorers all, Jays fans get lots of chances to write E-5 and E-3 and E

only by the number of pigeons Ted Williams shot off the Fenway roof.

2. Among this adoring chorus, the number who bother to mention the coarseness, the public drunkenness and the intolerance of Fenway's bleacher occupants is only slightly fewer than the number who applauded the Stan Papi-Bill Lee trade.

3. That the two co-exist—the most civilized of ball parks, the most uncivil of fans—is as much a source of wonder as the Sox' continued faith in Don Zimmer.

4. Yaz did not get his 3,000th. The selfout crowd thinned when what appeared to be his last at bat posed. The Orioles won a 16-4 laugh. Business was poor for the vendor on Lansdowne Street whose cry, "Get yer YANKEES SUEK shirts here!" was made for a season other than this one.

If I slight Fenway, it is for the same reason critics discuss the production, not the play, when they review *King Lear*: How many times can one say it's the best play ever written? We expect Fenway Park to be glorious.

For Arlington Stadium, my expectations were substantially more modest. I mean, the only things this town has in common with Boston are Ramada Inns and freeways. Which would be O.K. if Arlington had something besides Ramada Inns and freeways. The groundkeepers all look as if they were in training for the pro golf tour, their shirts coordinated with their slacks, their blond hair just right. Were the sunny teen-age girls who sell the programs placed in the

same room as Wrigley Field vendors, arrests would surely result. In all of 1979, there will be only three games played in Arlington in the daytime: one on Easter, one in May and one on the last day of the season. And the primary culinary offering is nachos, corn chips gasping beneath melted cheese and hot peppers.

Yet, this Monday night, with the—insult compounding injury—Seattle Mariners visiting, the ghost of Alexander Cartwright smiles on me. For there exists in the Dallas-Fort Worth area a dedicated band of maques who, maintaining their loyalty in dark cellars that sheltered them from football's reign of tyranny in the area, harbored baseball in their breasts for decades, waiting for the major leagues to expand southwesterly. Now they celebrate their liberation openly on warm summer evenings beneath Arlington's benevolent sky.

I am sitting tonight in front of Cliff and Marge Bass of Dallas and their sister-in-law, Mary Alice Bass, of Arlington. Mary Alice's husband, Cliff's brother, is away on business; normally, the four Basses meet here, root for the Rangers and retire after the game to the parking lot, where they idle away an hour or so, says Mary Alice, "just visiting with each other."

Cliff was stationed in Rhode Island during World War II, and he sharpened his baseball eye from the general-admission seats of Braves

Field and Fenway. When he settled in Dallas, he turned his attention to the Eagles, the local Texas League entry that once drew more than 50,000 to a single game in the Cotton Bowl. He tuned in Dizzy Dean on KWK out of St. Louis nightly; he reveled in the exploits of local standouts like Hal Epps and Jerry Witte, Texas League dreadnoughts whose guns weren't big enough for the majors.

Now, Cliff Bass and his family can enjoy baseball firsthand in this lovely park, with warm breezes passing beneath the Texas sky as it turns from blue to violet to starlit black. Most of the non-bleacher seats are within 50 rows or so of the field. A metal underflooring provides the perfect skin on which stomping feet can drum out a thunder roll of support. And, when the feet are not stomping, a fan can shout instructions—or imprecations—at batter or pitcher or umpire and be confident he'll be heard. This night is full of shouts. Ferguson Jenkins pitches splendidly, but his infielders conspire to send him to a 5-2 defeat.

Ten rows in front of the Bass family, a man keeps one eye on the live action, the other on the Monday night football game, via his battery-operated TV. Cliff says, "I don't dislike football. I just happen to prefer baseball. Always have."

Tuesday is another typical day. Up at 6:15, cab to airport, plane to KC, cab to hotel, yesterday's socks and shorts into the sink (never in a hotel long enough for valet service), collapse onto bed, thinking: it sure sounded great in June. Worry about progress of Hurricane Frederic. Place

continued

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BASEBALL TOUR continued

wake-up call for half hour before batting practice begins. Listen to nerves jungle for 40 minutes. Phone rings. Wake-up call. Up and out.

And then, walk up a ramp and catch, through the tunnel that leads to the stands, the sight of green, green, green, a green that exists nowhere else, and hear the tonic sounds of batting practice, sounds that exist nowhere else. As Willie Stargell says, no umpire ever shouted, "Work ball!"

This is what Kansas City and the South Side of Chicago have in common: railroads, meat packing, baseball. This is what Kansas City and Chicago do not have in common: baseball. At Royals Stadium in Kansas City on Tuesday, it is the Second Annual Assembly of God Christ Ambassadors Night. At Comiskey Park in Chicago on Wednesday, 20 neighborhood kids open the evening with a softball game on the infield.

In Kansas City the gigantic crown-shaped scoreboard, lit by 16,320 light bulbs, carries not only the lyrics of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, but also illuminated pictures of the Statue of Liberty and waving flags and a thousand-bulb rendition of the twilight's last gleaming. At Comiskey, Bill Veech's Pitch-O-Meter, the device he installed years ago to intimidate opposing pitchers into hurrying their deliveries, still stands high above the centerfield bleachers, unused by edict of the commissioner.

In Kansas City, some of the rest rooms are in an area archly called "Fan Accommodations." There is no word that can describe Comiskey's rest rooms.

Kansas City is the pivot point of the nacho belt, which rises near Houston and stretches all the way to California. Oddly, Comiskey has nachos, too, but it also offers an array of other Mexican specialties, Italian food, Polish food and open bars from which a fan can take a double Scotch back to his seat. Some people in this city have taken to calling Comiskey "Chicago's largest tavern."

In Kansas City, baseball is like the town itself: attractive, successful, a little bloodless. An uninvolved crowd does not make a sound when the scoreboard flashes the news that the Angels are losing, even though California leads Kansas City by only four games. Minnesota's Geoff Zahn is the winner tonight, but the Roy-

als stay close throughout—the final score is 3-1—and I wonder what possesses the third of the crowd that leaves by the eighth inning. Maybe the Chamber of Commerce boosterism of club owner Ewing Kauffman was a welcome antidote to Charlie Finley's stink-bomb approach to baseball, but the result of Kauffman's good works appears to be that the Royals are viewed more as a civic ornament than an object of collective affection. Bill James, my companion tonight, lives in nearby Lawrence, Kans., where he is editor, publisher, salesman and typesetter of a wonderfully literate little annual called *The Baseball Abstract*. Bill's dictum on fan loyalty states, "Pain is part of affection." Maybe Kansas Citizens have been overly grateful for the Royals' division championships and too forgiving of the club's playoff failures; they have not suffered enough over their team.

In Chicago, in this summer of Disco Demolition and on-field rock concerts, the outfield looks like Anzio after the Allied landing. The White Sox win tonight 11-5, but they have won only one pennant in the last 60 years. The ushers hustle fans out of the park as soon as the game is over, probably to save money on the light bill. It was Veech himself who wrote (*The Hustler's Handbook*, 1965): "You can shoot off your fireworks, hire your clowns, pull off your stunts; all that is only frosting on the cake. The game of baseball is the thing on which, in the end, you will live or die."

And so, in Kansas City on Sept. 11, there are 21,253 fans; in Chicago, on Sept. 12, barely a third that many.

On to Milwaukee. In Detroit, I had sat in front of a fellow in his early 20s who introduced himself to me as Mike (the Weasel, Don't-Call-Me-Mike-Call-Me-the-Weasel) Weissman. The self-proclaimed "greatest white basketball player to never play at Henry Ford High," Weissman attends nearly every weekday game at Tiger Stadium, says he never pays to get in and sits in some of the best seats in the house. This is his technique, mildly expurgated:

"Me and my friends come maybe 40 times a year, and we go out to the gate in leftfield—you know, where all the families are—and when some guy walks up with a fistful of tickets and five or six kids with him, I just fall in line with the

continued



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kids, and the guy who's taking tickets loses count, or Daddy gets to the gate and eight have gone through and he's only got seven tickets and . . . well, you see. Then we follow the ramps over here and our seats are waiting for us. That's 'cause the seats are house seats reserved for some newspaper from Flint, but those guys only show up on Opening Day."

Weas peppered the game with his own peculiar brand of observation. At one juncture, he pointed out that Aurelio Lopez, the portly Tiger reliever, wears No. 29, the same number that had been borne before him on the yet portlier torsoes of Steve Foucault and Mickey Lolich. "It's not just the number," the Weas informed me, in the tone of a race-track tout. "It's the same uniform. The Tigers are cheap. Whenever they get a fat pitcher, they just haul out the fat pitcher's suit."

If the Weas is the model of the Run-yonesque fan, then Don Littlewood, whom I met in Milwaukee, is the Byronic ideal. Littlewood described his life as being perfect minus: by day he is the manager of a record store, baseball by night. His mother and father are native Chicagoans. Cub fan and Sox fan, respectively. They moved to Milwaukee. Don maintains, as a compromise. And thus does Don come to County Stadium, a prince entering a kingdom that, by primogeniture, belongs surely to him.

Sitting behind the home-plate screen, his perfectly straight light brown hair falling all the way to the bottom of his vintage Milwaukee Braves warm-up jacket, Don gestures for a beer, then another. Between beers, he rattles off the names of catching prospects in the Cleveland system, reports on the defensive weaknesses of a shortstop in Tacoma, heralds a pitcher in the Appalachian League. The anonymous Oakland A's, tonight's visitors, are not anonymous to Don. He identifies Outfielder Rickey Henderson as a prospect just as Henderson comes up for his first at bat, and the rookie proceeds to go 3 for 5, steal a base, hit a double and score Oakland's first run in five days. The A's win 8-3.

Don is the embodiment of baseball in this city: old enough to sense tradition, but not so old that he's tired or just going through the motions; confident, but—ever mindful of the Braves' desertion—

not remotely complacent, wildly enthusiastic (he's up on his feet as Milwaukee Third Baseman Sal Bando moves deftly in front of a sharp grounder . . .), but realistic (. . . nodding fatalistically as it bounces off Bando's chest . . .) and tough-minded (. . . when the scorer calls it a hit, exonerating the Brewer captain, Don is the first to lead the catcalls directed up at the press box). He rocks in his seat, orders another beer, shouts greetings to friends in nearby sections, shoots baseball puzzlers at a companion, answers any that come back at him with an agility Bando has never known, quickly defends Milwaukee players from an out-of-town-er's criticism, but just as quickly criticizes them himself when it is due, constantly observing but perpetually enjoying himself.

Didn't finish with Don until 1:30 in the morning at a smoky bar on the East Side. He answered my toughest baseball questions. (Who was the one player reputedly present each of the last four times one man hit four HRs in a nine-inning game? Don's thought process: Let's see, Hodges against Braves, Adcock against Dodgers, Colavito against Orioles, Mays against Braves. National Leaguer, brief stop in A.L. back to N.L., Dodgers or Giants mostly, 10- or 12-year career at least. Baltimore, Baltimore. Got it! Billy Loos!) Up bleary-eyed at 5:45 a.m., cab to Mitchell Field, Baltimore chop to Chicago, change planes for Montreal. Pilot "Hurricane Frederic shouldn't interfere with our flight, folks, but it looks like it's mighty wet in Montreal."

Land at Dorval. Mighty wet. Damn! I wait at the hotel, as do the St. Louis Cardinals. They may be a third-place team, but they're first-place lobby sitters. Jeans, knit shirts, running shoes, tape decks.

No letup. Take Metro to Olympic Stadium. Looks like crashed asteroid. Crane still on tip of roof, waiting to finish it. Three inches of water on field. Concession stands sell chutney chaotically. Small room under stands where ballplayers' wives take French lessons. Expo couches, playing pinocle in clubhouse. Game postponed.

Headline, next morning: FREDERIC N'AIME PAS LE BASEBALL.

Thought *Je n'aime pas Frederic* much, either.

Lesson: Domed stadiums are not without virtues.

To get to Pittsburgh from Montreal for a Saturday afternoon game, one must fly through New York. To get back from Pittsburgh to Montreal in time for the makeup game Saturday night is impossible. For two hours, I assault a stack of airline schedules, trying to salvage the symmetry of 13 games in 13 days. I had seen the Expos and the Cardinals in action—if one considers lobby sitting and pinocle playing action—but it wasn't quite what I had in mind.

But is this what I had in mind? Save for the Pittsburgh hot-dog vendor shouting, "Tube steaks! Get some tube steaks!" Three Rivers Stadium makes me long for Riverfront, where at least the food is good. The garrulous, almost smarmy, scoreboard drivel on with too-cute nicknames, uninspired cheerleading, intercast nagging. The Pirates have a half-game lead over the Expos, and while there will be a sellout in Montreal tonight, barely 18,000 have paid to see the Bucs (sure, they're playing the Mets, but in a pennant race you take what you can get) on a glorious afternoon. When I ask a fan next to me—I'm sure, or at least I hope, he's not representative—who the most popular Pirates are, he tells me, "Stargell and Parker, if you happen to be black."

The comment, narrow-minded though it is, gives me pause: the crowd here is maybe 2% black, at best, but it's the largest proportion of black people I have encountered in any park on my trip. A black friend in Cambridge has told me he would be genuinely fearful to venture into the Fenway Park bleachers. The black population of Kansas City, or even Dallas-Fort Worth, is fairly small. But what of Detroit, or Chicago? And what about this city, where more than half the team is black or Hispanic?

After the game, which the Pirates win 5-4—the winning run scores on two walks and a single, and Relief Pitcher Kent Tekulve makes it stand up—I wander out past the Honus Wagner statue in the plaza in front of the stadium and then through Roberto Clemente Memorial

Park. I have time to kill before flying off to Toronto, so I had a cab and ask the driver to take me to a black neighborhood. In the Hill District, kids are tossing footballs. But this is September, in Steelertown. A black barber tells me he watches the Pirates on TV, but it's a bother to go to the park. The cab driver, a black man in his early 20s, says he went to two games this year, same as most years. No one has any answers.

The cab moves eastward, and suddenly, as we swing around a slice of the University of Pittsburgh campus, I spot something: across from a shiny new Pitt building is a wall, connecting nothing to nothing, reaching perhaps a hundred feet across an open stretch of lawn. The wall is fairly low, brick from top to bottom save for some carved stone peaks every 20 feet or so. At its base, in two spots, traces of white paint, hieroglyphs almost, read 457 and 436. It is a piece of the outfield wall from old Forbes Field, a memorial to the extraordinary richness of this city's baseball past. Just beyond the wall, over which once sailed a ball that won a World Series at the last possible moment, is a sign proclaiming, MAZER-SKILLITTE LEAGUE FIELD. A dozen black kids, 10 and 12 and 14 years old, are playing a choose-up game. Perhaps they will someday walk into Three Rivers through the players' entrance, if not through the turnstiles.

It is 10 days since I've spent consecutive nights in the same state. When I reach Toronto, via Buffalo, I'm almost too exhausted to eat. I'm asleep before the late scores come in from the Coast.

When I wake up—my internal alarm clock is so attuned to morning getaways that I arise at 6:30, even though I'm quite sure I won't need seven hours to traverse the three miles to Exhibition Stadium—I am still dead tired. By 11 a.m. I'm ready to forget the whole thing, ready to return to baseball provided by Joe Garagiola. Howard Cosell, stancily radio stations and the smudged ink of box scores.

But by 11:30 I'm in the bathroom reaching over the shower rod to see if my socks are dry.

Everyone in Toronto, it appears, is a scorekeeper. Is it too patronizing—that was, after all, a big minor league town—to wonder if the local papers gave les-

sons in scoring during the winter before the Blue Jays' inaugural season? I later learn that Early Wynn, pitcher-turned-broadcaster, did give how-to-score lessons on the radio. Pens and pencils are busy all around me as the crowd settles in for the game against the Indians. What is particularly surprising is that these are season boxes, and these are air-firms. It seems a disproportionate number of Toronto season tickets are sold to individuals, not to corporations, law firms and the like. This city should be proud.

Instead, the city is spiteful. These desperately loyal and attentive fans, for three years now burdened with the worst team in baseball, have to abide the Blue Jays dry, the hardest beverage sold in Exhibition Stadium being Coca-Cola. There's irony, though; the Blue Jays are partially owned by Labatt Breweries of Canada, Ltd., and Labatt's advertisements fill the program (a handsome and literate one, with a different edition for every American League club), dot the stands, even dominate the big rightfield scoreboard. We are all blind men in an art museum.

Mordecai Richler, the Montreal novelist and amateur historian of baseball in French Canada, says that the most striking difference between baseball in Montreal and baseball in Toronto is that the Big O rocks with Gallic vivacity, whereas Exhibition Stadium is tomblike, silent. He may be right, but the Torontonians at least employ their limited noisemaking abilities to good effect. After Cleveland's Wayne Garland struggles through nine Blue Jay haters in the fourth and gives up two home runs and a double to start the fifth, Indian Manager Dave Garcia finally walks out to the mound—and leaves Garland, now trailing 8-2, in the game. A season-ticket holder three rows in front of me calls out, "You keep doing that, Garcia, and you'll end up mangling here next year!"

From Toronto, the long hop to San Diego, via Chicago. I can't sleep. I can't rest (crowded plane), I can't eat (no hot dogs in the friendly skies).

Then San Diego: Home of Ray Kroc! Home of the famous chicken! Home, sometimes, of Gaylord Perry!

San Diego Stadium is the home, too, of a scoreboard that is even more egregious than Kansas City's or Pittsburgh's. This one flashes slogans, promotional an-

continued

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nouncements and ads (yes, for McDonald's) even as the pitcher pitches and the batter bats. Burritos, nachos, chili, a very few hot dogs. There are palm trees inside the stadium gates, and you can't move down into better seats in the fifth inning or so without imperiling a limb climbing over a sheer, no-access wall: there are separate entrances for the patricians and the plebeians.

Yet, on the field, a first-rate game. Opposing pitchers Joe Niekro of Houston and Bob Owchinko of San Diego ration out 10 hits and no runs between them over eight innings, and the Astros win 1-0 on Rafael Landestoy's triple and Cesar Cedeno's sacrifice fly in the ninth. Behind me, a 5-year-old boy in the company of an older brother and his parents is attending his first game. We all try to grab a foul ball for him—yes, I know I could get one for four bucks at Sportmart—so he might have something to remember this game by. I fear that he cannot appreciate the lovely proportions of this pitchers' duel, that he would prefer home runs or flamboyant errors or something flagrantly dramatic.

Before I succumb to that faithless notion, Mrs. Margaret Schirtzinger, 82, attending her 19th Padre game of the year, exclaims, "What a wonderful game! We didn't win, but we played well!" The 5-year-old initiate behind me must know that, too, because everyone else in the crowd knows it, and our shared pleasure is infectious. Half an hour after the game has ended, there are still 2,000 of us lingering in the stadium, too pleased by what we have seen to want to leave it behind.

And now, the end of the rainbow. Twenty-three years ago, there was no major league baseball in California; now, there are five teams here. In this decade, California clubs have won 10 division championships, six pennants, three World Series. This state is the biggest source of major league talent and the preferred off-season home of a plurality of big league players. I wonder if anyone has ever vetoed a trade to a California club. Excepting Oakland, of course.

Tonight, in Chavez Ravine, in the palace built by Walter O'Malley, the man

chiefly responsible for baseball's westward tilt, with Elysian Park outside the gates and spotless floors, well-trained ushers and endless spectacle within, the most successful franchise in baseball history displays its well-conceived wares. It is a stunning amalgam of immovable old and unstoppable new: on the one hand, pristine white Dodger home uniforms, well-trimmed grass, inexpensive tickets, a traditional ball-park menu of dogs and beer and Cracker Jack; on the other, endless messages on the scoreboard (every couple in the Los Angeles basin seems to be celebrating an anniversary tonight, but not one member of the visiting Braves appears to have a batting average), park-like grounds, endless acres of Dodger-owned parking lots. Even the pregame festivities cover both flanks: a Mexican folkloric festival as the park fills up; a "day" for Manny Mota, the career pinch-hit record holder, just before game time.

It is not a great game, but it is a reasonably good one. The Dodgers' Jerry Reuss, ineffective all season, beats the Braves on four hits, winning 6-1. A good-looking third baseman up from the minors named Mickey Hatcher acquires himself well for Los Angeles. Atlanta scores its lone run on a homer by the impressive young Bob Horner, and the crowd is treated to a command performance when Mota bats for Davey Lopes in the bottom of the seventh. After Mota walks on four straight pitches, I know my tour has come to an end.

The trip is a memory now, preserved only in my mind and on my scorecards, which, marinated in spilled beer and laminated with mustard stains, reveal the record.

I saw 320 different players in action. In 29 hours and 25 minutes of play spread over 12 days, interrupted by one hurricane. The players threw, or looked at, 440 called strikes. They swung at and missed 278 pitches and fouled off 463. There were 1,105 pitches that were called balls and 951 more were hit into play. Of those, 24 were home runs.

I saw 16 bases stolen, eight men caught stealing, two successful pickoff plays and one man called out for interference. Three batters were hit by pitches, 12 men bunted successfully. No one balked.

I flew nearly 16,000 miles in 18 planes, on which I fiddled with scorecards and

read *Who's Who* for 31 hours and 30 minutes. I sat in 12 parks in the company of 204,119 other people, not counting the Rootin' Tootin' Ranger, Bernie Brewer, Bonnie Brewer, the Pirate Parrot, the Toronto Bird and the San Diego Chicken. I consumed 33 beers of 21 varieties, including one \$1.80 full-quart monster in Arlington. I used all that to wash down eight American hot dogs, 10 others of various foreign parentage, three slices of pizza, two burritos, one bowl of chili, four bags of peanuts, two ice cream cups, a box of Cracker Jack (I threw out the whistle), one order of fries and, in Toronto, a hamburger (I wasn't going to ruin a good hot dog—or, for that matter, a terrible hot dog—with a cola). Wary, as ever, of Fenway Franks, I had a passable submarine sandwich in Boston. Nowhere did I succumb to the lure of nachos.

Although last September has long since fled, its essences have not. The image of Ozzie Smith inhaling anything but on the ground in San Diego is vivid, and so is the sight of Chet Lemon in Chicago saving, in one game, as many runs as he scored, three. I can yet hear the voice of Philadelphia Manager Dallas Green, locked in futile debate with Umpire Dick Stello, not 20 yards from my seat in Wrigley Field. A young pitcher named Rob Dressler still uses guile beyond his years to defeat Texas on behalf of the Mariners. Ron Guidry does not allow more than one called ball to any of the first 11 batters he faces in Detroit.

And, sitting to my left, Don Littlewood is telling me who will be playing third for the Yankees in 1983. To my right, the Weas is elaborating a complex scheme that will allow us to get fresh popcorn from the concession stand. In front of me, Margaret Schirtzinger beams her approval of a Dave Winfield throw. Behind me, my father tells me again of Cobb and Crawford and Johnny Neun's unassisted triple play. True, I am no longer getting up at dawn, neither from need nor reflex. But when I do get up and survey in the papers the agate type that relates the details of events I cherish, I see beyond the flat terrain of the newspaper. I see spring again, and I see the thing that keeps memory alive and my heart—and so many other hearts—warm over the winter. I see baseball. **END**



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

ROGER AND OUT

Sir

I am a lifelong Washington Redskins fan, and the Dallas Cowboys have always been at the top of my football enemies list. But after reading your article *Goodbye to Ali That* (April 14) on Roger Staubach's retirement, I realized that the man I hated so bitterly last Dec. 16—when the Cowboys beat the Redskins 35-34 to win the NFL's Eastern Division title and a playoff spot—is not only one of the best players in history, but also a person I admire very much. The 1980 season will be missing something without Staubach. After all, what fun is beating Dallas if you haven't beaten No. 12? I guess all that's left to say is, please, Harvey Martin, don't you retire, too.

JOHN LYNN
Rockville, Md.

Sir

I would like to congratulate Roger Staubach on his fine career, and I'd also like to yell at him for the times he directed his team to victory over the Redskins—especially when my dad was playing.

SCOTT JURGENSEN
Cary, N.C.

Sir

I was excited to read an article on Roger Staubach. At last, recognition! I was disappointed, however, upon seeing three pictures showing Roger down or on the sidelines. Why couldn't you present him doing what he does best—passing?

PAN MORRIS
Colts Neck, N.J.

Sir

Your photographs of Roger Staubach may very well exemplify the Cowboy situation: down, but far from out!

ALAN AINSFAN
Albany, N.Y.

Sir

You blew it! Roger Staubach not only did not make any All-Pro team, but he also didn't make your April 14 cover. I would rather have seen one of the greatest quarterbacks in NFL history than a fat Ali!

PHIL RESCH
Beaver Dam, Wis.

HOW MANY PINKAGLES?

Sir

I see a very strong similarity between the subjects of two articles in your April 14 issue: Roger Staubach and Muhammad Ali (*The Latest from the Greatest*). Each is 38 years old and each has nothing left to prove. Moreover, each has been told that the hits and bumps he has sustained have taken their toll and that any future hard blows may cause

permanent injury. Staubach has heeded the warnings and made the tough decision to retire while still on top. Why can't Ali do the same? He has been a great champion, one of the best of all time. Will winning the heavyweight title for the fourth time prove anything? I don't think so. But a loss could do irreparable damage to Ali's physical being and also to his image in the minds of the fans.

I will be rooting for Ali against Weaver or Holmes, but I wish he wouldn't fight either of them.

GARY S. KUBIENWITZ
Milwaukee

Sir

Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer, is quoted as saying that he never thought Ali would go back to the mountain to train, that the mountain would have to come to Muhammad before he'd fight again. I beg to differ. The mountain did come to Ali—in the form of \$8 million. If that's not a mountain, what is? Anyway, I'm looking forward to seeing Ali make a comeback. I have always enjoyed his boxing style.

JONATHAN SHIELDS
Provo, Utah

SNEED'S SECOND

Sir

I have followed golf for many years, particularly the Masters since the Palmer era, and I have been dismayed whenever an "unknown" has won. In my mind, Ed Sneed fit into the unknown category and I was rooting against him in the 1979 Masters.

Myra Gelband's article on Sneed ("Impossible Not To Win," April 14) has changed my mind. Near the end of the article the question of how to accept the defeat was discussed. I think Sneed put it into proper perspective when he said, "Finishing second is an accomplishment, too."

DAVID S. NELSON
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Sir

It is fast becoming common knowledge that, as a spectator sport, golf has slipped over the past few years—a fact to which the Nielsen ratings attest—and it certainly isn't going to be saved by filling seven pages in *SE* with self-serving drivel about last year's bland and boring loser! I strongly urge you to leave the golf writing to Dan Jenkins, who always tells it like it is—not how he wishes it was.

DOUGLAS C. JOHNSON
Jackson, N.H.

Sir

I thought that with Dan Jenkins and Sarah Pileggi you had the finest contemporary golf writers. But Myra Gelband's piece on Ed

Sneed and the '79 Masters ranks with the best of Herbert Warren Wind—and maybe even O.B. Keeler.

JERRY BIEL
Englewood, Fla.

HARD WORK

Sir

Cheers to Joe Marshall for his article on the NCAA swimming and diving championships (*Making a Real Splash*, April 7). Also, a standing ovation for Rowdy Gaines for telling what swimming is all about. It is one of the hardest sports—if not the hardest sport—to train for. My personal experience with pain in swimming workouts only intensifies my respect for the swimmers at the NCAA. They are all champions.

CARY MILLER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sir

While mentioning the outstanding medley relay splits of SMU's Steve Lundquist, Cal's Pat Arvidsson and Auburn's Rowdy Gaines, Joe Marshall failed to note that Texas' medley relay team of Clay Britt (50:04), Scott Spatz (54:09), William Paulus (47:59) and Kris Kirchner (42:57) won the race in 3:14.59 and set pool, U.S. Open, meet and American records in the process.

SCOTT HAMMOND
Assistant Swim Coach
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Sir

Joe Marshall and other observers may have found it surprising that the University of California won its second straight NCAA swimming title, but they should have taken into account that Cal has superior coaching—why wasn't Norton Thorning mentioned?—as well as depth. Cal is on the move again in all sports. It's enough to make your staffer, Ros Fimrite, proud (*Homecoming*, Oct. 22).

WILLIAM D. SOMMER
San Francisco

Sir

In an otherwise superb article about the NCAA championships you may have misled some readers by stating that shaving "increases speed by decreasing resistance." As a swimmer, I can assure you that in many cases the drag caused by one's body hair is almost nonexistent. But shaving one's body is nonetheless a smart thing to do, because it tremendously increases one's sensitivity to the water. Increased sensitivity means more efficient muscular action. In the words of Charles E. (Red) Silva, one of swimming's great coaches, who is now director of the Pine Knoll Swim School in Springfield, Mass., "The qual-

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19TH HOLE continued

ity of sensory input determines the quality of motor output."

SHEPHERD ROSEN
Garden City, N.Y.

Sir,
My congratulations to Ambrose (Rowdy) Games for his victories in the NCAA swimming championships. But how about his Auburn teammates buying him an electric razor?
TIMOTHY X. SOKAS
Baltimore

THE NUMBERS GAME

Sir,
Reed Browning's piece on Career Average Margins (These Numbers Don't Lie, April 7) will start some arguments. To list the "10 Best Hitters" and ignore Ruth, Gehrig, Aaron, Muro, DiMaggio and Mays is to leave out batting with power, hitting in the clutch and on-base percentages.

What statistic could show superiority more than Ruth's 59 home runs in 1921, 12% of the American League total? Ruth hit "only" 342 compared to Pete Browning's 343. Leave out sacrifices and sacrifice flies and in his career Ruth had 2,873 hits and 2,056 walks in 10,455 appearances at the plate, a phenomenal on-base percentage of .471. Browning had 1,164 hits and 465 walks in 5,250 appearances, an on-base percentage of .310.

Ruth is still No. 1 alltime in slugging percentage (.690), homers per time at bat (one every 11.76) and RBIs per time at bat (one every 3.79). And he's second to Ted Williams in walks (one every 4.09). No list that ignores Ruth, Gehrig and other great hitters can be called the 10 Best.

LEON HOWELL
Washington, D.C.

Sir,
With regard to your fine article on the Career Average Margin, a simple, yet important, improvement can be made. All CAM measures is the difference between an individual's batting average and the league average. And this difference can be misleading. For instance, if a batter were to hit, say 50 points above a league average of .280, this would not be nearly as impressive as the accomplishment of a batter who batted 50 points above a league average of, say, .239. Some method of including the average difficulty of getting a hit should be included to accent how impressive (or dismal, as the case may be) a hitter's performance really has been.

This can be accomplished by dividing a given player's batting average for the year by the league average for that year, and then totaling these numbers over the player's career and dividing by the length of his career. Thus, if a mythical batter were to hit for exactly the league average each year, he would end up with a Career Average Ratio (CAR) of 1.000. On the other hand, if another player were to have a CAR of, say, 1.150, this would mean that he averaged 15% better than the league average over the length of his career.

This method, I believe, is a distinct improvement over CAM. However, Reed Browning is to be congratulated for coming up with CAM in the first place.

PETER G. HUYLER JR.
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir,
Career Average Margin (CAM) can be improved in two ways: after computing a player's annual margin (the difference between his average and the league average), 1) multiply that margin by the player's number of times at bat that season, and 2) divide by the standard deviation of all batting averages from the league average for that particular season.

This second adjustment is called standardization, and the new statistic derived from it could be named Career Average Standardized Margin (CASM). After adding a player's standardized figure for all the seasons in which he performed, divide by the total times at bat in his career (rather than by the number of seasons). CASM values for some of the immortals might be as high as 5.

DAVID ROTHSMAN
Hawthorne, Calif.

DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES

Sir,
Thank you for the wonderful photography of Walter Kohn Jr. in the April 7 issue (A Midsummer Day's Dream). It captures the heart of baseball, which can be done only by going to the ball park, not by watching the game on TV.

MIKE O'BRIEN
Arlington, Mass.

Sir,
For the most part, I think *Midsummer Day's Dream* is a waste of space. I would have appreciated a more elaborate pictorial display of the Long Beach Grand Prix. Empty seats, blue backdrops and obstructions in the stands are what nightmares are made of. I did like the pictures of Coach Walt Hunka picking out some balls and the players standing around the cage, though.

REICHARD G. GORDIN
Washington, Pa.

Sir,
Walter Kohn Jr. captured some of the rare scenes of baseball. One thing bothered me, however, as I glanced through the colorful pages: Why was the ultimate daytime park overlooked?

I can just picture the smartly clad Chicago Cub pitching staff running through pregame drills against the beautiful green ivy on the Wrigley field wall. What a sight! I'll be able to see it this summer, but think of the great injustice you've done to millions of fans who won't be as fortunate.

MIKE PUDRA
Jacksonville, Ill.

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